RED DRAGON

Screenplay

by

Walon Green

From the novel

by Thomas Harris

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FADE IN

EXT. SEA SCAPE - PRE-DAWN

The moon, just past the perfect circle of full, hangs low in a cerulean blue sky that glows with the promise of dawn. Beneath, waves move ceasless repetition from an expanse of sea to break on a deserted beach in the Florida Keys.

In the dark, foam traced water that races over the sand a strange living form appears, dragging itself with slow exhausted movements from the sea.

A large scaly head rises slowly from waters. A wrinkled leathery lid opens, revealing an eye, that glistens liquid black. A hiss becomes a long weary sigh, as the creature as it drags its bulk. It is a female green sea turtle, drawn by the annual cycle of survival to the land where she will lay her eggs.

ANGLE - (THE SAME BEACH)

Effortlessly, with a motion that betrays years of practice , Will Graham swings his surf-fishing pole and sends a lure sailing out beyond the breakers to the fish-rich two fathom line. Jimmy, his eleven year old stepson who stands beside him, poised to cast.

GRAHAM
Okay. Remember, dont release too soon.

Jimmy gives it a try, but his cast falls a bit short of Graham's.

GRAHAM
Pretty good.

Jimmy starts reeling in.

JIMMY
Naw, I'll do it again.

Graham sets his rod in a holder and lifts a thermos.

Taking a swig of hot coffee, he gazes out at the sea, now wine dark with the light of approaching dawn. Graham smiles, liking what he sees.

ANGLE
Jimmy has readied the rod for another cast, but as he swings it back, he reacts to the sights of something down the beach.

JIMMY
Graham,...Look.

Graham turns.

POV

Perhaps a hundred feet away, the female turtle can be seen,

laboriously digging a hole for her eggs at the edge of the surf.

ANGLE
Cautiously, Graham and Jimmy approach over the sand. They are careful not to disturb her. A hand on Jimmy's shoulder stops him when they are close.

POV
Tears well from the turtles eyes as she deposits a series of glistening ping-pong ball sized eggs in the hole which she has dug.

ANGLE
Jimmy and Graham have settled into watching her with relaxed wonder.

JIMMY (whispers)
Why does she look so sad?

Graham shrugs. He doesn't know.

EXT WATERS EDGE - DAWN
Graham and Jimmy watch in silence, as the turtle covers her eggs, then labors back towards the sea.

ANGLE
Carrying their rods and fishing gear, Graham and Jimmy chat as they walk to a weathered, wood frame house just beyond the dunes of the beach.

INT KITCHEN OF GRAHAM'S HOUSE- MORNING
Graham's wife Molly, tan, mid thirtyish, wearing jeans and a boat yard tee shirt, glances up from setting a small table to see Graham and Jimmy approaching.

She steps to the screened-in back door as they enter.

MOLLY
Where are the fish?

GRAHAM
No fish.

JIMMY
Mom, we saw a huge turtle. We watched her lay her eggs.

MOLLY
Really.

JIMMY
It was fantastic. She cried real tears. Graham marked the nest with a stick so we can show you. In about a month we can watch them hatch. Right Graham?

GRAHAM
Maybe,...if were very lucky and hit the right day.

MOLLY
Great, you better change and get ready for school. I'll make some pancakes.

Graham pours himself a cup of coffee and gives her a kiss. Molly watches as he takes a large gulp.

MOLLY
Jack Crawford called you. He's flying down to see you this afternoon.

Molly turns and begins removing pancake mix and milk. Both are silent for a beat.

MOLLY
I guess it's about that thing we saw on TV.

Graham nods, suddenly solemn.

EXT. SUGER LOAF KEY BOAT YARD- DAY

A flock of gulls, white as snowflakes hover magically against the blue gulfstream sky. With cries of enthusiasm they plummet in short dives, snatching mid-air tossed offerings from a man's lunch.

Graham hurls a piece of luncheon meat, grinning boyishly as a bird grabs it.

He is standing on the afterdeck of a battered shrimper that is moored by the work pier of a small coastal shipyard. Will's hands are covered with oily grime from the exposed shortblock of a large marine diesel.

As the gulls fly away, Graham faces JACK CRAWFORD, a pale man, tending toward paunchy, who seems uncomfortable in a dark summer suit.

CRAWFORD
He's got real confidence Will,...His work is smooth, meticulous, well planned.

GRAHAM
I got the impression from the news coverage that Birmingham and Atlanta were similar.

CRAWFORD
Not similar. Identical.

Crawford looks around, uncomfortable in the sun. He moves toward the shade of a tattered awning.

GRAHAM
How much are you keeping from the press?

CRAWFORD
As much as we can. We know he's blond, right handed, blood type O and very strong. He wears a size eleven shoe. The prints were all very smooth...gloves were probably surgical latex.

GRAHAM
I read he wore gloves in the paper.

CRAWFORD
That was our only leak..

GRAHAM
How many confessions so far?

CRAWFORD
Over eighty when I called in at noon. Cranks. He smashes the mirrors and uses the pieces. None of them knew that. Will, he's not going to call in.

GRAHAM
Does he bite?

CRAWFORD
Yeah, vicious. Eight marks on Mrs Jacobi,...Five on Mrs. Leads. And, he squirts. We got semen samples from both women, that how we know his blood type...Will, how serious are you. Would you really come back for this one?

Graham busies himself sorting through his tools. Then he faces Crawford.

GGRAHAM
He killed the family in Birmingham on June 28th, a full moon ...Night before last when he did the Atlanta people it was just one day short of a lunar month. He's on the moon Jack, in just a little over three weeks he'll move again.

CRAWFORD(smiles)
So, you've still got the old sixth sense.

GRAHAM
Dont bother pimping me Jack. I just want the FUCKER STOPPED.

CRAWFORD
Will, even though it's been more than three years the legend of your special talent for these cases remains undimished. If you want back I can guarantee the bureau will...

Graham looks up as a pick-up truck pulls into the boat yard.

ANGLE
The truck stops near the yard office. Molly and Jimmy get out.

CRAWFORD(a bit too effusive)
Hi Molly...Good to see you.

MOLLY
Hello Jack.

She waves, forces a smile, then enters the office of the boat yard.

CRAWFORD
She really looks great. That kid is getting huge. He's almost as tall as you.

GRAHAM
Yeah, his father is over six feet...Jack, I've got to finish torqueing down this head.

CRAWFORD
Okay, I'll got to the hotel and make some calls.

GRAHAM
Come by about seven for dinner. I'll pick up some stone crabs.

Graham nods and settles by the engine.

Crawford starts up a creaky ladder to the boat yard.

INT. GRAHAMS BEDROOM- NIGHT

Graham steps from the shower into the spacious bedroom. The room reflects the uncluttered life of a semi-tropical climate. A large, unpolished brass bed, a Belle Epoque bedside table and a small lamp covered casually with a scarf. Molly shakes her lithe body into a summer dress and works a brush quickly through an abundance of auburn hair. Graham watches her as he dries himself.

MOLLY
Okay?

ANGLE

Graham's smile reveals a hint of lust. Molly catches it. She glances at his crotch.

MOLLY
Better hurry and get your pants on or Jack will have to eat his crabs live.

As he dresses , her look goes to Graham's body where a large scar runs from his hip to his rib cage.

MOLLY
How long do you think you'll be gone?

GRAHAM
Well, you and I have got to discuss it.

MOLLY
Why discuss it with me? Haven't you already made up your mind?

GRAHAM
Molly, I know this is going to be rough on you I'm asking you to run the yard...take over everything for weeks...maybe longer.

MOLLY(laughs)
So, I push back a few haulouts and get milt to finish up the engine work on the shrimper. I've got no complaints about holding up my end... What scares the shit out of me is losing what we have...

GRAHAM
If you think that's a real danger...I'll send Crawford home.

MOLLY
I'd like to threaten you out of this Graham. But I dont think I could stand myself if I saw you reading about another killing in the Miami Herald. Just please Graham. Dont get hurt.

GRAHAM
Hey, there's no real danger, Molly. I'll never even see the guy.

MOLLY
It didn't happen that way with Lector. Just promise.

She indicates hgis scar.

GRAHAM
Look Molly, I'm pretty sure this guy is in phase with the moon. If we move really fast, gather all the stuff we can find we might...

Molly puts her hands to his lips and shakes her head "No".

MOLLY
No, dont. Do whatever you have to do, but dont tell me about it. Promise I dont have to know anything and that you'll never bring it home.

Graham nods.

GRAHAM
I promise.

ATLANTA POLICE HEADQUARTERS- DAY
Several TV newsvans are parked in front of police headquarters. Newsteams and reporters loiter around the front steps swapping gossip and hunting tips.

Crawford driving a rented cat approaches with Graham seated beside him.

ANGLE

The car turns in and enters the police garage under the building.

INT ATLANTA POLICE-

Crawford and Graham enter a briefing room in the homicide section. They are effusively greeted by an affable burly detective R.J. Springfield who in turn introduces Dr. Dominic Princi, the medical examiner and Seargent Dale Moffit of the fingerprints section.

Several cork boards across the front of the room are covered with large color blow-ups and a plot plan of the murder house.

CRAWFORE
R.J. Springfield, this is Will Graham,.....

R.J. pumps Graham's hand and presents the others

R.J.
Mr. Graham,...Mr. Crawford has told us a lot about you an'
I'm really glad you're gonna be able to help us out. This is Dr. Dominic Princi , our medical examiner, and Dale Moffit, head of our fingerprints section...

Graham nods and manages a smile.

R.J.
Y'all want some coffee or Coca Cola before we get started?...

GRAHAM
No, I'm fine.

Graham turns and gazes at a series of grisley photos.

R.J.
Well, I guess we can start with the photos. This series was made some five hours after the killings took place...

GRAHAM
Do you have an exact time of death?

PRINCI
Our Pathologist reckons the deaths occured between 11:00PM and 1:00 AM.

GRAHAM
That's a pretty wide spacing. Can't he pin it down any better than that?

PRINCI
We're doing more extensive tests on the histamine and serology levels.

Graham looks over the photos.

R.J.
You can see they were all found in their respective beds.

ANGLE
The camera scans a series of grisly shots showing the bodies of the Leads family tucked-in between blood-soaked bed clothes, as well as shots of bloodstained wall-fixtures, etc.

R.J.
...but look at these blood-stained patterns all along the hall carpet...This area here indicates some kind of struggle at the doorway to the daughter's room,...It's arterial flow from Mr. Leads..Personally,..I believe that even with his throat cut he tried to save the little girl's life.

ANGLE
Graham views a Francis Baconesque abstraction of blood along one wall of the bedroom.

R.J.
All these smears on the wall of the master bedroom are from the children.

MOFFIT
They might have come off the killer's clothes.

R.J.
Not that much blood. I think he moved bodies all over the place. I just can't imagine why.

Graham seems fixated on a shot of Valerie Leads. She is propped up on the pillows of her bed, her breasts are exposed in a vulgar fashion, her hands are underneath, offering them in the style of a stripper. Blood streams like tears from bright reflections in each of her eyes.

ANGLE

R.J. indicates a frame of glass taken from the back door. A small slightly oval circle has been cut in it.

R.J.
We took this out of the kitchen door. He apparently brought a small suction cup, like maybe the bottom of a pencil sharpener. ...we found some saliva where he wet it with his tongue to make it stick...stuck it in the center, then held the glass cutter with a piece of string to take out a circle.

R.J. moves to a plot plan of the house.

R.J.
He entered here,...moved through the kitchen to the dining room, then the hall...We dusted every fixture in the house, but he had gloves on the whole time...There was some blood and hair from Mr. Leads on the light switch in the bedroom... otherwise, it seems he did most of his movin' in the dark.

GRAHAM
I'd like to see the house.

R.J.
Sure, I thought we'd take you over right after the briefing.

GRAHAM
Actually, I'd like to go on my own.

R.J.

There is a beat of embarassed silence.

CRAWFORD
Will has his own way of viewing the scene of a crime...

R.J.
Whatever you fellows want. I'd better put word out to my patrolmen, just to make sure nobody takes a shot at you.

GRAHAM
Yeah, I'd appreciate that.

EXT. ATLANTA RESIDENTIAL STREET- DAY

Grahams rental car is pakred under a shady tree on a pleasant

residential street in an Atlanta suburb. Robins sing from the surrounding trees and nothing suggests the horror that occured in the well tended home in front of which Graham's car is parked.

INT> GRAHAM'S CAR-DAY

Graham sits alone. Relaxed, in a near reverie he stares at the outter innocence of the house. He holds a clip board on which he fills in with sketches of bushes and other details making an elaborate plot plan of the garden area.

Reacting to the sound of a garden hose, he turns. H.G. PARSONS, an elderly neighbor can be seen watering his lawn. The man gazes with furtive suspicious glances in the direction of Grahams car.

INT> ENTRANCE HALLWAY - DAY

Graham stands alone in the silence of the house. In the background an air conditioner clicks one then hums. From the distance, outside the house the voices of children can be heard. There is a loud giggle and a squeal of protest from a six year old girl.

INT LEADS FAMILY DEN - DAY

The childrens voices over-lap photos of the Leads children as Graham thumbs the pages of a family album. He pauses at a photo of Valerie and Tom. In the snapshots that cover the decade of the Lead's family's existance there is an unstated theme of happiness, an ease and humor about life that makes them immedeatly appealing.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY
Swirls of burnt umber blood stains and the pastel rouge of"Dragons blood" form a violent abstract mural along the walls and floor of the upstairs hallway. Writing the names of each victim on a series of small tapes, Graham begins labeling the grotesque blotches.

ANGLE
Seated in a corner where two relativey clean wall surfaces meet, Graham sketches on his clip board

ANGLE
The sketch shows the blotches connected by rough figures and a series of dots like a childrens puzzle drawing.

INT ATLANTA POLICE STATION - DAY
In a home movie the Leads family is suddenly alive. The occaision an outdoor picnic at some lakeside campground. Valerie looks up self conciously and protests the filming as she unpacks the food with the help of her daughter and youngest son. The older boy steps in front of the camera and expertly wriggles his ears.

On a cut. Tom leads can be seen, red faced as he blows up an inflatable boat, just as he has it nearly full the filler hose jumps out of his mouth and there is a scramble to stop the escape of air.

ANGLE
Graham sits alone in a plain room at the police headquaters watching the film as the projector drones on Crawford enters. He pauses and looks at the screen.

Valerie Leads emerges from the water in a bikini. She is wet, quite beautifull and she smiles at the camera.

GRAHAM
She was beautifull.

CRAWFORD
I know. I saw her in the morgue.

GRAHAM
Lets get Price down here to print her.

CRAWFORD
Atlanta's latent print guy is pretty good

GRAHAM
Maybe he is, but, Price is the best. I think took his gloves off Jack. I mean just look at her. No one could make love to that woman and not want to touch her skin.

CRAWFORD(after a slight pause0
Okay, I'll get Price and all his equipment on the next plane. Christ he'll have to hump on it, the funeral's tomorrow.

ANGLE
Valerie Leads plays towel snap with her ten year old son. Then, seeing she is being filmed she rushes at the camera and shoves the towel playfully in front of the lens.

EXT. LEADS BACKYARD-DUSK
Graham moves through heavy brush along the side of the house which finally opens into the back yard. He looks toward the back door which is hidden from view inside a lattice porch.

Graham puts aside a yellow tape used by the Atlanta police to seal the house. He steps into the lattice porch and shines his light around.

Graham removes the piece of plywood that covers the pane of glass removed by the police.

INT. LEADS KITCHEN -NIGHT

The kitchen glows with faint blueish light from the pilot of a gas range, as the dark figure of Graham deftly puts his hand through the opening in the kitchen door, and enters as did the killer.

Graham gazes around the kitchen. His eyes stop on a framed SAMPLER. "KISSIN' DON'T LAST, COOKIN' DO!" HE SMILES.

INT DINING ROOM AND ENTRANCE AREA -NIGHT

Graham exits the kitchen into the dining room. He pauses to gaze at a large sideboard with a silver samovar atop it. Everything appears clean and well-polished. As he walks, he notes the silence of his footsteps.

ANGLE
As Graham stands in the dark the hall phone suddenly rings. He snaps around. There is a click as an answer-phone takes over.

VALERIE LEADS (V.O.)
Hello, this is Valerie Leads. I'm sorry I can't come to the phone right now, but if you leave your name and number after the tone, we'll get back to you.

Graham steps to the machine, hearing a click and a dial tone as the caller hangs up.

Graham steps back into the hallway. He stops at the bottom of the stairs and gazes up into the dark. A car passes on the street in front sending a brief shadow play over the walls.

After listening for several seconds to the silence of the house, Graham reaches into his pocket and removes a pair of latex surgeon's gloves. He puts them on.

ANGLE
A latex gloved hand grips the bannister. Graham begins climbing the stairs.

The top of the stairwell is totally dark. Reaching it Graham pauses.
He walks slowly along the hall. The dark stains of blood have taken an even more ominous tone in the dark. At a door to a nursery he pauses and peers
inside. His expression changes as though the room has suddenly screamed at him.

POV - THE DAUGHTER'S ROOM
The room is decorated in deliberate little girlish feminity, lots of frills stuffed animals and a canopy bed. The original tidyness has been dissrupted by rent bedclothes, and lavish stains of deep black blood.

ANGLE
Graham walks toward the door of the master bedroom. With hardly a pause
he steps inside.

INT. MASTER BED ROOM
The camera scans the murder-scape of the master bedroom. Walls hideously smeared with blood, the sheets and comforter of the bed askew and matted with dark vile stains. On the dresser, behind a portrait of the smiling couple, the mirror has been smashed out

of it's frame. In the splinters and shards that still hang against the wall, the strange figure of a man crouched against the wall on one corner of the room can be briefly glimpsed.

ANGLE
It is Graham, sitting amidst glistening murcury like splinters of glass, looking occaisionally from his sketch pad to the surroundings of the room

ANGLE
On the pad the lines begin to connect forming figures sitting as Graham is sitting along one wall of the room.

ANGLE
Grahams look is drawn to the strange smudges and smears along one wall as well as a scroll of black blood above the headboard. A car passes outisde on the street. The smears are suddenly illuminated, a suggestive shadow show in the passing movement of light caused by the vehicals headlights.

ANGLE
Grahams eyes search along with the light over the dark abstractions of the walls. He sketches furiously.

ANGLE
On his pad, the forms and faces of the Leads children appear, thier eyes wide in horror.

Graham steps to the Lead's double bed. He stares down. There is a suggestion of sensual interest in his gaze.

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INT. EMBALMING ROOM - FUNERAL HOME - NIGHT
Valerie Leads lies in alabaster death under the examining light of a morticians table. The sound of a man's breathing can be heard...short explosive puffs of breath.

ANGLE
Graham watches pensively as RALPH PRICE, and elderly man of sullen disposition puffs into a pipette, spraying the cheeks and neckline of the corpse in an attempt to raise latent fingerprints. When he has finished with the spray he raises a small ultra-violet light to see if anything can be detected. For several seconds he studies the face through magnifying glasses. Unsuccessful, he looks up at Graham.

PRICE
Next time get me to the body before they scrub it clean.

GRAHAM
Shit, I know he took his gloves off.

Wordlessly, Price begins putting his equipment away, leaving Graham to ponder his dilemma.

GRAHAM
Where are the kids?

Price steps to a corpse vault and checks a label. He rolls out three trays each bearing a child of the Leads family.

GRAHAM
Ralph, I'd like you to check each of them.

PRICE
Chrissake, Graham, It's three in the morning. The goddamn funeral's tomorrow...I'll never make it.

GRAHAM
Fuck the funeral, they can delay it.

PRICE
The relatives will have a fit.

GRAHAM
Crawford can deal with that. He can threaten them with an exhumation if they dont consent...anything. But I want them checked Ralph. Special attention to thier eyes I think he made them watch while he did it to her.

PRICE
They were already dead.

GRAHAM
That didn't matter to him. He propped them up against the wall like an audience. He must have wanted them staring at him.

EXT. BACKYARD OF LEADS PROPERTY - DAY
In the bright morning sun, Graham and Crawford walk along a length of wooden fencing to a utility pole where several meters can be seen. Graham steps up to the meter and glances around towards the Leads house which is clearly visible.

GRAHAM
Yeah. it's perfect...

Without another word them men turn and walk on toward a neighbors house.

EXT NIEGHBORS YARD - DAY,
H.G,Parsons an elderly nieghbor glances up from his mulching as the two men approach. As he eyes them with a degree of suspicion, he removes his gardening gloves.

CRAWFORD
Mr. Parsons, I'm Jack Crawford and this is Will Graham, we're with the Federal Bureau of investigation on the Leads case...

PARSONS
My wife and I were in Macon on that day. I've already told that to the police.

CRAWFORD
Yes, we know that Mr. Parsons. Actually we're here because of a complaint you lodged with Georgia Power about a meter reader.

PARSONS
I've certainly got a right to complain if I want.

CRAWFORD
Oh, absolutely...We're not argueing that.

PARSONS
Fellow was here just two days after Hoyt had read the meter...They're talkin' about boostin' rates an they got two men doin' one man's job.

CRAWFORD
So the man was a stranger.

PARSONS
No he wasn't no stranger. He was from Georgia Light an Power. Had on the brown unifrom an the cap.

CRAWFORD

Did you see his face?

PARSONS (suddenly cautious)
No, I can't say I did.

CRAWFORD
He was just over there, by the alley?

PARSONS
Yeah, he was near the fence. I was gonna speak to him, but he took off while I was washin up. Never did see him up close or nothin like that.

The Detectives are silent for a beat. For the first time Graham speaks.

GRAHAM
I think he saw Hoyt Lewis.

CRAWFORD(nods)
Yeah, so do I.

PARSONS
It was not Hoyt Lewis. It was not.

GRAHAM
How do you know? It might have been Hoyt and you were mistaken.

PARSONS
Hoyt Lewis is brown as a berry. He's got greasy black hair and peckerwood sideburns. This fellow was pale an white...his hair was blond.

GRAHAM
You said he wore a cap.

PARSONS
He did wear a cap...only he took it off to wipe the sweat from the hatband...He was younger than Hoyt.

GRAHAM
We'll have a police sketch artist come out and you can give him a description.

PARSONS
I dont need any trouble. I never said I'd co-operate.

GRAHAM
If you dont want trouble Mr. Parsons, I strongly suggest you do co-operate. Or the fact that you saw a man who might have killed the Leads family, but you refuse to assist the investigation, might just find its way into the local newspapers.

INT HALLWAY- MARRIOT HOTEL- DAY

Graham, wearing a tee-shirt, summer slacks, and no shoes, scoops a bucket-full of ice from the machine in a hallway, then turns and buys a coke. A pair of young Recruits, fresh out of Fort Benning, moove quickly to position at the ice machine. They exchange lascivious remarks as Graham feeds quarters into the machine.

1ST RECRUIT
Shit, mine says she's got to get home to feed her goddamn baby.

2ND RECRUIT
Well, shit man...You've had enough. I thought you'd set the bitch on fire.

1ST RECRUIT
Hell, I ain't never had enough. With what I got left I could shampoo a damn buffalo.

As Graham starts towards his room,, a tired-looking girl steps from the open door of the room adjacent to his. Bare-legged, sh wears only a wrinkled army shirt.

GIRL(to the Recruits)
Hey, Darlene says she wants a Seven-Up.

She glances at Graham as she passes; a weary, In the background, Darlene sits on an unmade bed, talking on the phone.

ANGLE
Graham enters his room.

INT. GRAHAM'S ROOM- DAY

He crosses to the small table and pours himself a stiff scotch, dropping two ice cubes into the glass. Then he settles onto the bed and stares at a wall.
With four large swallows he downs the scotch.

As he fills another from the bottle, his look is drawn to a stack of photos on the bedside table. He shuffles through them.

ANGLE
for a beat he studies a color shot of Mrs. Jacobi. Her face cannot be seen. She is nothing more than a shapely pair of well tanned legs and a section of her lower abdomen protruding from under a sheet. The photo is oddly erotic.

From off screen, a distinctly erotic giggle is heard and the murmer of a male voice.

Graham shuffles through several other photos then replaces them in a large folder labeled "Jacobis".

Taking another drink which nearly empties the glass he lays back on the bed. The sound through the wall of the other room now becomes a distinct rythmic series of groans that un-mistakeably indicate inter course. As Graham listens his mind rambles toward his loneliness and a sense of depression. Finally, the girls cries build to what sounds like a pleading lament, the horizon has been reached where both the joy and rush of terror that typify a life-threatening orgasm are waiting. As she breaks through and her release is covered by a burst of cruel male laughter, the bedside phone rings.

Graham snatches the reciever from the cradle and listens for a beat.

GRAHAM
Okay, I'll be right over.

INT EMBLAMING ROOM OF FUNERAL HOME - DAY

(IN AN EXTREME CLOSE UP)
A childs eyeball protrudes from stainless steel clamps that hold back the lids. It stares upward like a rising Jovian moon. A dot of grilliant light moves over the ice white surface of the sclera, laced with patterns of tiny viens,it pauses on a strange track that resembles the irregular pattern made by a bicycle wheel.

ANGLE
Ralph Price unshaven and disheveled makes an adjustment on a stereo microscope trained at the distended eye of one of the Leads children.

PRICE
There it is.

He moves to allow Graham to look through the scope. Price wearily rubs his eyes as Graham examines it.

GRAHAM
Not much of a print.

PRICE
Partial tented arch in blood...barely six minutea points
Nothing you could use in the print finder, but, you could

compare it if you get something else...

ANGLE THROUGH MICROSCOPE
The camera tracks along the jagged surface fault of the finger print.
EXT. GRAHAM'S HOUSE- DUSK

The house looms large and dark. The moon, now shadowed by nearly an eighth, hangs large in the sky. The only sounds are crickets and the rush of unseen surf. Suddenly, the front is illuminated by the approach of Molly's pickup truck.

ANGLE
The truck stops at the front porch and Molly gets out with Jimmy. Together they climb the steps to the porch.

ANGLE- THE FRONT PORCH- DUSK

At the front door, Molly juggles her keys while holding a bag of groceries. The door opens at her touch.

MOLLY
Huh, I thought I locked it.

Un-afraid and without hesitation she steps inside.

INT. ENTRANCE-WAY OF HOUSE- DUSK

Molly glances around the dark interior. Switching on a light she reacts to the sight of a Travel-all bag and briefcase near the stairs. She smiles.

MOLLY
Graham.

Putting the groceries down she rushes up the stairs.

INT. BEDROOM- DUSK

Graham looks up from where he lies on the bed to see Molly entering the room

GRAHAM
Hi.

They kiss each other.

MOLLY
Why didn't you tell me you were coming?...
How did you get here from the airport?

GRAHAM
Cab.

MOLLY
That must have cost a fortune.k

GRAHAM
I'm still on government per diem.

Graham kisses Molly again and pulls her close.
Molly's son appears at the door.

JIMMY
Hi, Graham

[redacted]

MOLLY

Jimmy, tell him the good news.

JIMMY
Bass are runnin' over at Foresters beach.

MOLLY
You boys can go in the morning.

JIMMY
Chuck Stanton caught a thirty-six pounder.

GRAHAM
I can't make it tomorrow...I'm going up to Birmingham.

MOLLY
Then it's not over.

GRAHAM
Not yet.

MOLLY(a touch of sarcasm)
So you just came home for one night?...How romantic. How sweet.

Molly hugs him and Jimmy groans.

INT. KITCHEN- NIGHT

Graham, in a bathrobe, sits at a kitchen table eating a chicken dinner with Jimmy and Molly.

MOLLY
Luckily with these Spring tides nobody wants to haul their boats. So we haven't exactly been swamped with new work. I'm able to manage.

JIMMY
What's the story on these Spring tides?

GRAHAM
It's just an extreme high and extreme low tide.

JIMMY
I know that, but what causes it?

GRAHAM
The pull of the moon's gravity is especially strong at certain times.

JIMMY
Weird.

They eat for a beat in silence.

JIMMY

Maybe it's having some effect on this guy your after.

Molly glances up, concerned.

JIMMY
I read how the police think he's affected by the moon.

GRAHAM
Where did you read that?

JIMMY
In the National Tattler...

Molly looks at him with disapproval.

JIMMY
Hey, what am I supposed to read while you're standing in the check-out line? You don't let me look at Playboy.

Molly and Graham exchange a look.

GRAHAM
Jimmy, Molly and I have made an agreement. We're not going to talk about what I'm doing.

JIMMY
But it's really interesting. He's killed nine people.

MOLLY
Jimmy, we're not going to discuss it. Okay?

JIMMY
Okay...Okay.k

INT. GRAHAM BEDROOM- NIGHT

Graham and Molly are making love. It is obvious from the sounds that his level of passion is high, but Molly's response is a series of slight whimpers that might even be a form of protest.

INT. HALLWAY- NIGHT

Jimmy, wearing only a pair of faded jeans, slowly sneaks a manila envelope from the large overstuffed briefcase that Graham has left near his raincoat. He removes the file marked Jacobi.

INT. GRAHAM'S BEDROOM- NIGHT

Graham, obviously very turned on , pushes through to an orgasm, shaking every last bit of himself loose. He then lies beside Molly. For several seconds he gently kisses her face, then he raises up and rests on his elbow, watching her as she lies staring at the ceiling in uneasy silence.

GRAHAM
What?...

MOLLY
You were very turned on.

GRAHAM
I missed you.

Molly looks away. He turns her to face him.

MOLLY
I'm sorry, but while we were making love I got this awful flash that,...That what you've been doing...maybe the things you've seen get you excited.

She stops.

GRAHAM(a flash of anger)
Do you have the faintest fucking idea what you're saying?

Graham turns and sits with his feet over the side of the bed. Molly reaches out and puts her hand on his bare leg.

MOLLY
I'm sorry Graham, but, I'm scared and I'm pissed off...I feel you made a choice and it wasn't me.

GRAHAM
Molly, give me a break. There's a monster loose out there. I cant believe you want me to sit home [redacted] the next family that gets scragged. [redacted]...That's just not you. Unless I don't know you at all.

MOLLY
Maybe my worry is that I dont know you.

GRAHAM
What's to know? I was a forensics specialist,, now I'm a diesel mechanic.

Graham rises. He steps to the window and gazes out.

ANGLE
Molly looks at him for a beat.

MOLLY
Why did you specialize in this kind of thing?

GRAHAM
I didn't. I had a run of luck...and that

GRAHAM (CONT.)

made me an expert.

ANGLE
Molly looks at him for a long minute.

MOLLY

Come back to bed.

Graham turns. He crosses back to the bed and lies down beside her. She puts her arm around him and pulls him close. He responds by kissing her tenderly.

His kisses range the side of her face and she returns his, then, a strange faint sobbing is heard. At first they dont react, then, both cannot ignore it. Graham looks up. He listens with Molly. The sobbing is unmistakeable.

GRAHAM

Jimmy?

They both get out of bed. Molly pulls herself into a robe.

INT HALLWAY - NIGHT
Molly goes ahead along the hallway to Jimmy's door. She listens to the sobbing from within, then knocks and opens the door. Graham steps up as she enters.

ANGLE
Graham looks into the room. Jimmy is on his bed with the light on. The Jacobi photos are spread around the bed. Jimmy sobs. and Molly embraces him. He clings to her. Molly lifts a photo from the bed and glances at it with a shudder. She turns to face Graham in a rage.

MOLLY

You promised....

She throws the photo onto the floor.

REDDRAGON4

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF BIRMINGHAM ALABAMA- DAY
A rented four door sedan heads into a tract of upper middle class homes.

INT RENTAL CAR - DAY
Graham drives through the nighborhood of STONEBRIDGE, a long established residential area with large lots and well tended upper middle class homes.

EXT. JACOBI HOUSE - DAY

Graham pulls into a driveway and proceeds toward the house. He parked behind a late model four door sedan that bears the emblem of a century 21 real estate broker on the door. As he gerts out VI KOHLER, an attractive woman in her mid-forties steps out of the car to greet him. She wears the mustard colored blazer of a nighbborhood professional.

VI
Mr. Graham,...Vi Kohler.

Graham shakes her extended hand. He glances around the front yard of the house.

VI
It's a lovely home isn't it. A perfect location that absolutley assures privacy

Graham nods.

She speaks as they walk towards the door.

VI
Needless to say all the locks have been changed.

She fumbles for a key on a large ring.

ANGLE
The doorway. Aftera bit of fumbling,Vi opens the front door. An alarm buzzes.

VI
And the most advanced security system avaialble has been installed.

INT JACOBI HOUSE - DAY
Graham follows her quickly inside, where she plunghed a key into the alarm system and almost simultaneously turns on an integrated stereo system, flooding the house with "Strangers in the Night".

ANGLE
Graham steps into the newly carpeted, newly painted living room that is totally devoid of decor.

INT CHESAPEAK STATE HOSPITAL-MAX SECURITY WARD- DAY

Graham stands in a hallway in front of the doors of the Maximum Security wing talking with DR. FREDERICK CHILTON, chief of staff.

DR. CHILTON
Please don't pass him any objects other than paper which is free of clips and staples, no pencils, ring binders, pens,...He has his own felt-tipped pens.

GRAHAM(glancing at his watch)
I know the procedure.

DR. CHILTON
We all know the procedure but there is something you might not know...After a year of perfect behavior and even some success in our therapy, his restraints were removed during a medical examination. He assaulted a young assistant nurse and his finger so damaged her right eye that it had to be removed.

GRAHAM
You attempted therapy on Lector?...Why?

DR. CHILTON
Why? The man offers a rare opportunity. He's perceptive, trained in psychiatry...and he's a sociopath and a mass murderer. I think our intentions were certainly well-founded in psychiatric research.

Graham fails to acknowledge. Chilton signals a guard to open the glassed-in gate of the maximum security section.

CHILTON
This visit will have special importance to him. He's obsessed with you. With the way you caught him.

GRAHAM
Aren't they all?

The door opens and Graham enters.

REDDRAGON5

INT. MAX SECURITY WARD- DAY

Graham follows a black GUARD-ORDERLY towards Lector's cell.

GUARD-ORDERLY
During the afternoon he sleeps, but at night he's up an' around.

They arrive at a place where a chair has been set for Graham in the hall. The orderly indicates a cell, then returns to his desk. Inside, a table stacked with correspondence and soft-cover books is bolted to the floor. Dr. Lector, perhaps forty five, lies on his cot with Alexandre Dumas' Le Grand Dictionaire de Cuisine open on his chest. After a few seconds, while Graham watches, Lector, without opening his eyes, speaks.

LECTOR
Isn't that the same atrocious aftershave you wore in court?

GRAHAM
No, it's different. I got it for Christmas.

LECTOR
The little wife no doubt.

GRAHAM
My stepson.

LECTOR
The boy obviously hates you.

Graham settles into the chair.

LECTOR
Three years. Three rather boring years. You look very relaxed . How have you spent your time Will? Constructively?

GRAHAM
I've made a mid life career change.

LECTOR
I see. Has it helped? Or do you still worry about how you caught me?

GRAHAM
No, it's the furthest thing from my mind?

LECTOR
That must be a relief. By the way Will, how did you catch me? Do you remember...Do you remember what we shared?

GRAHAM
It's all in the transcript.

LECTOR
You and I both know it's not.

GRAHAM
Well, here you are, so what does it matter? You know about Atlanta and Birmingham?

LECTOR
Will, is a pig's ass pork? Even though I've been removed from the game I remain an avid fan.

GRAHAM
I've sort-of come out of retirement for this one.

LECTOR
I see, and you want to know who he is and how he's choosing them, don't you?

GRAHAM
Well, you are after all a man of ideas.

LECTOR
I'm of course flattered that you would ask me to join you in this endevour, but why would I ,of all people, want to impede a spledid series of multiple murders?

GRAHAM
I thought it might interest you...excite you.

LECTOR
Excite me? You mean in the same way it excites you? Actually our situations are not unalike are they Will. We're both prevented from doing the things we might really enjoy...Me by these bars...You by your concience...Is that fair to say Will?... Is it your concience that keeps you out of my world? Maybe we should talk about that

GRAHAM
Some other time. Let me give you the file on this case. You might be curious to see if you're smarter that he is.

LECTOR
Which by implication means that you think you are smarter that I am; since you caught me.

GRAHAM
No, I know you're smarter. That's why I'm here.

[redacted]

LECTOR

Then how did you catch me, Will?

GRAHAM

You had handicaps.

LECTOR

What handicaps?

GRAHAM

Passion. And you're insane.

LECTOR

AND You're very tan these days.

Graham doesn't answer.

LECTOR

Allright,let me have the file.

Graham stands and packs the file into the sliding tray. Lector pulls it through.

GRAHAM

There's a summary on top. You could read that now.

LECTOR

I'd like to do it privately. Give me about an hour.

Graham nods.

EXT. GROUNDS OF MENTAL INSITUTION- DAY
Graham descends the stairs and walks across a large expanse of lawn toward the distant waters of the Chesapeak Bay. Denim-clad inmates trim grass beside flower beds.

ANGLE
Graham stops near the water's edge, refreshed by the calm expanse of bay. His look goes to a flock of gulls wheeling overhead. Behind the birds hangs a luminous moon, now diminished by a third.

EXT. FLORIDA KEYES- BEACH FRONT- DAY.
Gulls wheel and scream in the air above the beach behind Graham's house. Molly and Jimmy chase around trying to frighten them away. As they fly off. Jimmy settles beside a hole in the sand...the sea turtle's nest.

ANGLE
Molly crosses over to him as Jimmy lifts a broken, soft-shelled egg. Yellow yolk and a spot of blood oozes onto his fingers. He discards it , then picks up another from the large clutch that is unbroken.

MOLLY

The damn dogs must have dug it up.

JIMMY
Most of them are okay.

MOLLY
Well, let's cover it up. I read that they need to stay moist.

JIMMY
Can't we take some and hatch them?

MOLLY
It's illegal. I just wish there was some way to keep the dogs from digging them up again...Graham would know what to do. Why isn't he here?

JIMMY
What about that chicken wire by the house? We could put a small fence around them.

Molly thinks for a beat.

MOLLY
Genius. You cover them back up and keep the gulls away. I'll get the wire.

ANGLE
As Molly trudges toward the house, a phone can be heard from an open porch. As she gets near she responds, running up the soft sand and onto the porch .

MOLLY
Wait, I'm coming...I'm coming.

There is a click and a dial tone as she lifts the receiver.

INT LOBBY- CHESAPEAK MENTAL HOSPITAL- DAY

Graham pauses in a phone booth, having just hung up, dasappointed that he has missed Molly. He glances at his watch and leaves to return to Lector.

INT MAXIMUM SECURITY SECTION- DAY

Graham faces Lector at his table. The folder of documents is in front of him and his hands rest atop it. Lector smiles at him.

LECTOR
This is a very shy boy, Will. I'd love to meet him. Have you considered the fact that he's disfigured?....Or at least thinks of himself as disfigured

GRAHAM
The mirrors.

LECTOR
Not just because he smashes them, but the way he uses the pieces...Putting shards in the eyes of Mrs. Jacobi and the other lady...Mrs. Leads.

GRAHAM
He wants to see himself in their eyes...

LECTOR
I should have known you'd be way ahead of me. If you just came here for the old scent, you could have just smelled yourself?

GRAHAM
Stop pulling my tit Lector, what can you tell me?

LECTOR
Difficult, one major problem is there are no descriptions of the grounds...Only floor-plans of the houses. What were the yards like?

GRAHAM
Big yards, fenced with some hedges. Why?

LECTOR
Because, my dear Will, if this pilgrim feels a special relationship with the moon, he might like to go outside before he cleans himself up. Have you seen blood in the moonlight? It appears quite black. Of course it keeps the distinctive sheen. Remember when I cut you Will? The way it glistened...

Graham eyes Lector. A flush of rage moves over him but he controls himself. Lector smiles.

LECTOR
Of course I'd like to think that you only remember the pain.

GRAHAM
You can leave messages for me at the number on the file.

LECTOR
Have they given you a nice office?

GRAHAM
There's a secretary. She'll take [illegible] message.

LECTOR
Does your new wife know how you caught me, Will?

GRAHAM
She's not interested.

LECTOR
Next time,let's talk about the things we share.

Graham turns and walks away. Lector smiles...a minor victory.

EXT. CHESEPEAKE INSTITUTE- DAY

Graham exits the large morose structure. He pauses for an instant in the fresh breeze before descending the front steps.

EXT. PARKING AREA- DAY

Hunched down in a car, a young paparazzi aims a Nikon with a telephoto lense at Graham and fires off a series of shots. FREDDY LODGE, a reporter for the National Tattler, crouches beside him, smiling. He mutters "Great".

ANGLE
Oblivious to the presence of the two men, Graham walks to his car.

INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY WING- DAY

The orderly who took Graham to Lector and another man pay out a long extension cord as they carry a telephone to the cell. At the door, one inserts a key and the other stands ready with a can of mace aimed at Lector.

ORDERLY
All right now , Dr. Lector, go to the back of the cell and face the wall...Don't turn around or approach the barrier until you hear the lock snap or we gonna have to mace your face. Understand?

LECTOR(friendly)
Of course...And thank you so much for bringing the phone.

Cautiously, as though entering the cage of a tiger, the men enter and place the phone on Lector's table. They retreat to the door and when he hears the lock snap, he turns around and smiles.

LECTOR
Thanks again.

Lector steps to the phone and, glancing through the file which Graham has left, he dials a number.

ANGLE
Lector is completely at-ease as the number rings.

LECTOR
Yes. I'm trying to reach inspector Will Graham.

VOICE ON PHONE
Just a moment. I'll connect you.

LECTOR
Just a second, I'm supposed to know his secretary's name and I'm embarrassed to say I've forgotten it.

VOICE ON PHONE
Sarah King, Mr. Crawford's secretary, is handling his calls.

Lector waits.

LECTOR
Hello, Sarah?

SARAH(over phone)
Yes?

LECTOR
This is Bob Greer at Blaine Edwards publishing. I just spoke to Will Graham, and he asked me to send our new book "Psychiatry and the Law" to his home address, but I'm looking in my file and I don't have it.

SARAH(V.O.)
I've only just started working with Mr. Graham,... Just a second.

Lector waits for several suspenseful moments. Then.

SARAH(V.O.)
The only address I have for him is Post Office Box 3680, in Marathon Florida.

LECTOR
That's fine, thank you. You're and angel.

INT. EMPLOYEES CAFETERIA- DAY

The INT. GATEWAY CHEMICAL LABORATORIES - DAY

Under the red glow of a safety lamp, hundreds of feet of home movie film moves through the intricacies of a large automated developing tank. The flickering passage of countless frames climbing up over rollers, then descending into "wet gates" and hypo baths , is watched by a well-built man of fair complexion who is perhaps forty. His name is FRANCIS DOLARHYDE.

After studying the films for several seconds, Dolarhyde removes a sample reel for a spot check. He crosses to a cubical marked "Quality control", and settles in front of a bench with a pair of rewinds.

Fitting the film into a viewer, he begins running through a home movie.

ANGLE

The viewer shows a Birthday cake with the lettering "Happy Birthday Timmy" and two large candles. It pans up to show Timmy and other children shouting and gesturing silently.

ANGLE
Dolarhyde smiles as he observes Timmy hugging a cocker spaniel that wears a party hat and lunges for the birthday cake. On a cut, Timmy stands beside his mother and tries to coax Timmy to wave at the camera. She is a pretty lady, perhaps thirty. The viewer again slows to a four-frame-per -second pace, until a scissors-through-paper like sound signals the opening of a heavy door. Dolarhyde pauses and waits; a woman's voice is heard.

ELLEN(V.O.)
Mr. D...

ANGLE

He glances around to see Ellen, a matronly career technician, smiling at him.

ELLEN
I checked the filters on the old machine and the solution looks fine. I'll change it after lunch.

DOLARHYDE
Are you taking lunch now?...I'll join you.

He stands, removes his smock, and puts on a searsucker jacket and a pair of welders goggles with red lenses. Opening a door for Ellen, he ushers her through a light-lock, then outside

INT. EMPLOYEES CAFETERIA - DAY
The small facility is relatively crowded. Dolarhyde and Ellen

move along a wall to the steam cabinets. In the middle, employees sit and gossip at formica tables. At the steam table, Dolarhyde orders a hamburger with no bun. Ellen selects a soup. PAUL DANDRIDGE, a youngish executive-trainee, stands nearby speaking to DR. RAYMOND WARFIELD, a black man, perhaps fifty. Distinguished.

Seeing Dolarhyde, Dandridge reacts.

DANDRIDGE
Hi, Mr. D., I was going to come by and see you... Francis Dolarhyde, this is Dr. Raymond Warfield, the director of our zoo.

Dolarhyde shakes the man's hand.

DANDRIDGE
Dr. Warfield needs some info on fast film stock. They want to do some filming on the night animal exhibit. I'm sure you can give him some good advice.

DOLARHYDE
Of course,...Approximately how many footcandles of light are you working with?

WARFIELD
The problem is that our exhibit animals are only accustomed to light in the infra-red spectrum, Even if we use very low normal light, we lose natural behavior.

DOLARHYDE
There's a wide variety of IR sensitive film. Come by the lab after lunch and I'll pull some information for you.

Dolarhyde's hamburger arrives and he moves on.

DANDRIDGE(to Warfield)
Our quality control supervisor...He knows everything.

ANGLE
Dolarhyde sits at the table with Ellen.

ELLEN
You're always so helpful.

DOLARHYDE
I have an ulterior motive. I'm going to ask Dr. Warfield for a behind-the -scenes tour.

As Ellen bites down on something, she reacts to a sensitive tooth.

ELLEN

Oh,...

Dolarhyde looks up as Ellen's hand touches the side of her jaw.

ELLEN
I've been having more trouble with my teeth...Four root canals and I need two more. But I've got to save up. It costs a fortune.

Dolarhyde nods sympathetically.

ELLEN
You certainly have fine straight teeth, Mr. D. Did you have orthedonture as a child?

Dolarhyde nearly sneers at her, then he beams a wide, toothy smile and nods "No."

EXT. FBI BUILDING WASHINGTON - DAY
Graham exits a cab and climbs the steps of the FBI building.

INT LOBBY FBI BUILDING - DAY
As he passes a newsstand on the way to the elevators, his attention is drawn to the front page of the National Tattler.

ANGLE
It reads."FIEND CONSULTED IN TOOTH FAIRY KILLINGS" A photo shows Graham descending the stairs of the Chesapeak state hospital.

Graham picks it up and pays the Vendor. He glances at an inset arrest photo of Lector.

INT. FIREARMS AND TOOLMARKS LAB - DAY
A slide shows an enlarged picture of the end of the cut off branch taken in the tree on the Jacobi property. A second slide of a dowl of similar size and texture is moved into position beside it. The way the edges of the wood are pinched, together indicates that both were in all likelyhood cut with the same kind of tool. BEVERLY KATZ, a smart, attractive , forensics expert ~~is~~ TAKE ~~talking~~ over the scene.

BEVERLY(voice over)
We tried every kind of cutting tool and this seems be the best match...See there's a very shallow pitch. This was done with bolt cutters.

ANGLE
Graham is sitting on the edge of a lab table watching with Crawford. Another man LYLE BOWMAN from the documents section stands near them.

CRAWFORD
If he had bolt cutters he was planning on cutting a padlock...See a padlock anywhere? [redacted]

GRAHAM
Are you kidding? The place is totally repainted and redecorated. Whatever's left of the Jacobis is stored on five pallets at Bekins.

A phone rings and Beverly picks it up.

CRAWFORD
Well, maybe we should goback to Birminagham and scratch through it...We could do it tonight, get em' to keep the place open.

BEVERLY
Jack, it's for you.

Crawfor picks up the phone and Beverly speaks to Graham as she re arranges the projector.

BEVERLY
Still like Tandoori chicken?

GRAHAM
Yeah.

BEVERLY
There's a new place out by the Indian Embassy thats really great.

CRAWFORD(on phone)
Yes. put him through.

GRAHAM
Maybe when we finish with Birmingham...

CRAWFORD(cuts him off)
It's Chilton...Pick up...

Beverly reaches to a nearby table and takes a phone she punches up the number and hands it to Graham.

CRAWFORD(to Graham)
Says it's urgent...Yes Doctor, this is Mr. Crawford.

INT. CHESAPEAK HOSPITAL- DAY

Chilton is sitting at his desk looking down at a piece of toilet paper.

CHILTON
I have a note here, or two pieces of a note that was found in Hannible Lectors cell. It appears to be from the man who killed those people in Atlanta,...It's written on toilet paper of all things...

INT. LAB

Crawford turns to Graham.

CRAWFORD
Dr..Chilton, can you read it without handling it anymore.

Graham moves to an extension.

INT. CHESAPEAK HOSPITAL- DAY

Chilton seems rather delighted by the sudden importance.

CHILTON
"My dear Dr. Lector, I wanted to tell you I"m delighted that you have taken an interest in me. And, so I thought dare I write? Of course I dare. I don't believe you'd tell them who I am even if you knew. Besides my present body is trivia. The important thing is what I'm becoming. I know you alone can understand this. I hope we can correspond."
...Then, there's a piece torn out. But, it goes on...

INT. LAB- DAY

Graham listens.

CHILTON(V.O.)

"I have admired you for years and I have many of your clippings. Odd how they sling demeaning names: 'The Tooth Fairy', what could be more inappropriate?
That investigator Graham interests me. He appears very purposeful-looking. You should

have taught him not to meddle."

INT. CHESAPEAKE HOSPITAL

Chilton finishes.

CHILTON
"...Forgive the stationary . I chose it because it's easy to swallow. If I hear from you, next time I might send you something wet. Your avid fan"
And, it's signed with a bite mark.

INT. LAB- DAY

As Graham speaks, Crawford punches up another call. The conversations overlap each other with a great sense of urgency.

GRAHAM
Does Lector know you have the note?

CHILTON(V.O.)
Not yet. We moved him to a holding cell while his quarters were cleaned. The cleaning man found it wound up on the roll of toilet paper. of all things.

CRAWFORD
Sarah, order a helecopter. I want the next thing smoking and I dont care whose it is...Ours DCPD, Marines, whatever. Call documents and tell them to get somebody up here right now.

GRAHAM(to Crawford)
I want to toss Lector's cell.

CRAWFORD
And scramble a search team on the roof in five minutes.

EXT. FBI BUILDING ROOF- DAY

Graham, Crawford, and members of an FBI search-team climb into a large helicopter under a full prop blast. When they are barely inside, it lifts away.

INT. HELICOPTER- LATE AFTERNOON
Graham wears a headset and speaks into a mike as the chopper races toward Chesapeak Hospital. Crawford is briefing the men.

CRAWFORD

Brian, you and I will walk it through...Hair and fibre, latent prints and documents...I want everybody standing by and waiting for it...This supers out all other activity.

EXT. CHESAPEAKE HOSPITAL ROOF- DUSK

The helicopter descends to a roof-top landing pad.

INT. CHILTON'S OFFICE- NIGHT

A pair of forceps lift the note from Chilton's desk and slip it into a container. Crawford takes it and makes for the door.

GRAHAM
We'll need about five hours including travel to run the tests, before we can replace that note in his cell.

CHILTON(to Graham)
But, I'm afraid he'll already see that we've found the note. He's never out of his cell for more than an hour.

GRAHAM
Alright, let me talk to your building superintendent.

CHILTON(picking up a phone)
His proper title is maintenance engineer...

INT. TEMPORARY CELL- CHESAPEAK STATE HOSPITAL- NIGHT

Lector stands in a temporary cell, bored and obviously annoyed. Suddenly the lights flicker once, then go off. A few moans and complaints can be heard from other inmates.

After a few seconds a door at the end of the hallway opens and a building superintendent and two assistants laden with tools walk briskly along the hallway. Lector watches them as an inmate shouts from another cell.

INMATE
Hey, what the fuck is going on?

The workers move quickly past, ignoring all inquiries. Annoyed but resigned, Lector settles onto the bunk.

INT CORRIDOR MAXIMUM SECURITY AREA- DAY

Graham stands with a search-team near a fire hose. A custodian opens the valve and water spews out onto the floor and begins running down the corridor. After a few seconds, the reactions from various inmates can be heard. On a signal a separate team of orderlies, armed with manacles and mace-cans, move forward to begin moving men out of their cells.

EXT. FBI BUILDING- NIGHT

The helicopter settles onto the roof and Crawford and Brian jump out.

INT. HAIR AND FIBRE SECTION- NIGHT

Crawford and Brian emerge from an elevator where hair and fibre personnel are waiting. Beverly Katz, a specialist, pulls on a pair of latex surgeon's gloves as the note is carried into a glassed-in cubicle.

BEVERLY
It hasn't been to prints yet?

CRAWFORD
No. You're the first.

Beverly carefully removes the note from a plastic carrying-case and lifts it gently with a dowell. She hangs it over white paper and examines it with a magnifying glass, then she fans it gently. Finally, she taps the dowel with a spatula and examines the paper underneath.

ANGLE
Crawford glances at his watch.

ANGLE
Katz removes some tiny invisible objects from the surface. Then she transfers the note to a standing tabletop camera and takes several photos. When she has finished , she puts the note back in the plastic container and puts a pair of fresh white gloves atop it.

KATZ
That's it,...Some dust, one hair...maybe a thirty-second of an inch.

INT. LECTORS CELL- NIGHT

Working quietly and methodically, Graham and members of the search -team move through Lector's belongings. Before books are removed from a shelf a polaroid is taken to get them back in the same order.

INT. LECTOR'S TEMPORARY CELL- NIGHT

Lector rises from the bunk as two orderlies approach. One carries a tray of food..

LECTOR(annoyed)
I'd like to return to my cell.

ORDERLY
No way Jose...They had a pipe break down there, an' flooded the whole place with raw sewage... shorted out the electricity an everythin'.

INT. LATENT PRINTS LAB- NIGHT

Price holds the note in two pairs of forceps up to a blue light and looks it over with a double pair of magnifying glasses. Crawford watches anxiously.

PRICE
This stuff is terrible. I could fume it Jack, but I couldn't guarantee the iodine stains wouldn't ruin it.

CRAWFORD
Ninhydrin?...Maybe, boost it with heat?

PRICE
No. I'm sorry Jack, there's just no way I can get you a print off this.

INT. HALLWAY FBI
Crawford sprints towards the doorway of "DOCUMENTS" where Brian stands waiting for him.

INT. LECTOR'S CELL- NIGHT

Graham carefully examines a file with his name on it. There are a few old clippings describing Lector's capture.

INT. DOCUMENTS SECTION- FBI- NIGHT

LLOYD BOWMAN of the documents section takes the note from Crawford. He places it on a green blotter under a series of lights.

BOWMAN
How long do I have?

CRAWFORD
Twenty-two minutes max... The main thing is how Lector was to reply.

BOWMAN
No doubt instructions for replying are in the part that's torn out.

Bowman adjusts his lights and copy camera as he speaks.

BOWMAN(reads from note)

"hope we can correspond"...and then of course a hole...Well, let's mash a little

Bowman puts the note between two pieces of glass and squeezes them together. He mutters under his breath. "Oh, you're so sly, but so am I." Switching filters on a small TV camera, Bowman darkens the room, until there is only the dull red glow of the lamp and the blue-green of the monitor screen filled by the jagged outline of the tooth mark signature. Bowman begins a scan until the words "hope we can correspond" and the jagged hole

appears greatly enlarged on the screen.

On the tattered edges of the tear, fragments of writing can be see.

BOWMAN
Well, these could be the tips of T's... here and here. On the end is the tail of what might be an M or N, or possibly an R. Can Lector take phone calls?

CRAWFORD
He can take calls, but it's slow, they have to come in through the hospital switch-board.

BOWMAN
So publication would be the safest way.

CRAFORD
There are three T's and an R in TATTLER...We know from the text he reads it.

Crawford turns to Brian.

CRAWFORD
Brian, find out where and when the Tattler is printed...get proofs on the classified pages.

Bowman hands him the note in it's plastic container. Crawford starts for the door.

BOWMAN
I might have some more stuff when I get the photos printed up...probably minor.

CRAWFORD
Fill me in when I get back from the asylum.

INT. LECTOR'S CELL- NIGHT

Graham and the now-weary members of the search-team finish the task of replacing Lector's cell. Crawford enters with the note and the custodian who originally found it.

Graham's look and a shrug indicate that they have found nothing of importance.

CRAWFORD
Bowman got three T's and an R from the edges of the hole. He thinks he'll use the Tattler. That is <u>if</u> he answers.

Graham indicates files of correspondence.

GRAHAM

He'll answer. He's a great correspondent. Pen pals all over the world.

CRAWFORD
We could sieze the incoming mail at Tattler...Just in case.

GRAHAM
Then what?

CRAWFORD
Well, at least we might know what he was sending this guy...Or we could put our own message into it. Set him up. The secret service has got a system for setting people up who write crazy letters to...

GRAHAM
No, Jack. Let's let it run. We tamper with this and it might turn to steam. Right now it's all we've got.

ANGLE
Carefully, with the advice of the custodian, the note is rewound onto the roll of toilet paper.

INT. GATEWAY FILM LAB- DAY

Seated in his cubical, Francis Dolarhyde runs a piece of home movie of the Sherman family through his viewer. Stopping at Mrs. Sherman doing a pin-up pose with her daughter imitating beside her, he puts the film into a splicer and removes about two feet onto a separate reel. He then places the Sherman film in a return shipping container and lays it in a tray marked "Outgoing".

The reel with the piece he snipped off is placed in a briefcase that he keeps under his desk. When he has finished, Dolarhyde consults a desk log, then rises and puts on his glasses.

INT. CORRIDOR- GATEWAY FILMS- DAY

Dolarhyde nods a greeting to another employee as he walks along a corridor of the lab. He approaches a door marked Infrared Sensitive Materials in Use. NO safelights, NO Smoking, NO Hot Beverages." A red light burns above the sign. Dolarhyde pushes a button and in a moment the light turns green

ANGLE
In a moment the light turns green. Dolarhyde enters a light-trap and raps on an inner door and closes the outer door. In the absolute darkness, a woman's voice can be heard.

WOMAN(O.S.)
Yes, come in.

The sound of a heavy door opening, and Dolarhyde enters the total dark of the lab; gurgling sounds of developing tanks, the ticking of a timer, then the heavy thud of the inner door closing behind him.

DOLARHYDE
I'm Francis Dolarhyde. I came about the hot film.

WOMAN
Oh, good. Excuse me, my mouth's full. I was just finishing lunch.

The sound of paper being wadded and dropped into a wastebasket is heard.

WOMAN
Put your back against the door, come forward three steps, until you feel the tile under your feet and there's a stool just to your left.

The scrape of a stool on tile is heard as Dolarhyde sits down.

WOMAN
About another ten seconds and we can have some light...

DOLARHYDE
I don't mind the dark.

WOMAN
You're head of processing and quality control in the big lab.

DOLARHYDE
Um-hummmm.

WOMAN
The same Mr. D. who sends rockets when requisitions are filed wrong?

DOLARHYDE
The very one.

A timer rings. Dolarhyde hears movement.

WOMAN
There we go. Just let me put this stuff in the black hole.

There is the sound of a cabinet closing on rubber seals and the hiss of a vacuum lock. The lights come on and Dolarhyde glances around.

ANGLE

REBA McCLANE is about thirty, with a handsome prairie face, and fair wheat-straw hair cut in a page boy. Her sightless eyes make small random movements behind closed lids as she steps back to her desk.

Dolarhyde sees a white cane beside her chair and smiles with a kind of instant relief.

DOLARHYDE
Do you think I could have a plum?

Several plums are on the desk in front of Reba.

REBA
Sure, they're really good.

She picks one up and extends her hand towards him. Dolarhyde takes it without touching her fingers.

REBA
By the way, my name is Reba,...
Reba McClane.

Dolarhyde bites into the plum and chews for a beat.

DOLARHYDE
They are good.

REBA
So you need some hot film?

DOLARHYDE
Movie film. Sensitive up to around one thousand nonometers.

REBA
You'll have to keep it in a freezer and put it back in the cold after you shoot.

ANGLE
Dolarhyde moves forward to drop the plum pit in the wastbasket. He is very close to her face and he stares directly at her for a beat, then draws back.

DOLARHYDE
I know.

REBA
If you could give me an idea of the conditions maybe I could...

DOLARHYDE
At the zoo. In the World of Darkness, they want to film the nocturnal animals.

REBA
Oh, I see,...I guess thay must really be spooked by light.

DOLARHYDE
Um-hummmm

REBA
Well, you know the more sensitive it is , the meaner it is to handle. Next time I'm screening samples you can pick the tamest emulsion that will do and I'll get it for you. When do you need it?

DOLARHYDE
Around the twentieth. No later.

Dolarhyde backs to the heavy door and leaves.

EXT. ST. LOUIS RIVER FRONT- DAY

As the light fades, Dolarhyde's van passes through the town of St. Charles and turns onto a dirt road that leads through an overgrown orchard.

INT. VAN- DUSK
Dolarhyde is expressionless as he approaches a large residence at the end of the driveway. Dark, twisted dead trees stand out amidst the summer greenery of the overgrown front yard, and the old frame house has a rundown look.

EXT DOLARHYDE HOUSE- DUSK
Dolarhyde gets out holding a can of eight-millimeter film. He walks up a wheel-chair ramp to the porch where several wicker chairs have rotted away the decades.

INT. DOLARHYDE HOUSE- DUSK

Dolarhyde enters. The interior is painted a shiny institutional green. A yellowing sign above a side door to a parlor reads, "Waiting Room". (It gradually becomes evident from the decor that the house once served as a nursing home.).

INT. HALLWAY - DUSK

In the fading light, Dolarhyde turns on a bare overhead bulb and proceeds toward a doorway labeled "Staff only". He enters a deserted kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN- NIGHT

The paint has aged into a sulferous yellow. Large mess-hall-sized pots are stacked atop a stained cutting board. Cooking and butchering utensils hang from racks overhead. A filthy strip of bug-laden fly paper descends from a greasy fan.

ANGLE

Crossing to a large old commercial refrigerator, Dolarhyde removes a plastic bottle of protein mix and several containers of vitamins. He gullps them, washing them down with swigs of the protein drink.

INT. GRANDMOTHER'S ROOM- NIGHT

A hairdryer hums as the camera wanders the musty belongings of Dolarhydes deceased grandmother. An open closet hung with musty clothing. The bed is an old hospital model, lesions of rust showing through chipped institutional paint. It is covered with a ragged assortment of quilts. In an empty, water-marked glass on the bedside table, a pair of stained dentures can be seen.

Dolarhyde sits in a doily-trimmed chair. He wears a yellow plastic cap that is attached to his grandmother's hair dryer by an umbilicus of vacuum hose. He is nude but for a kimona-like garment made of a silk-like synthetic.

He thumbs a fashion magazine, lingering with interest over a layout with clear SM overtones.

INT. PARLOR- NIGHT

His hair blown dry and coiffed, Dolarhyde closes heavy blackout drapes to cover the windows of a small parlor. A dental chair can be seen in one corner.

In front of a La-Z boy recliner in the middle of the room, an eight-millimeter projector is aimed at a screen, shielded by a cardborad baffle from the overhead light.

After draping several towels over the recliner, Dolarhyde settles into it. Lifting a bundle of wires that sprout from a single overloaded extension, he puts out the lights. Then, he opens his kimona, revealing his nude body to the dark.

REDDRAGON7

His hands now grip the sides of the recliner as though preparing for some weird kind of lift-off. After a Yogic-type exercize of deep steadying breaths, he once again lifts the spider-like extension. A crackle and a small electric-blue flash occurs as he inserts a plug.

ANGLE
A ceiling-hung light-machine is activated and strange cosmic patterns swim over the walls, furnishings, the face and nude body of Francis Dolarhyde.

ANGLE

Dolarhyde sighs as he watches simulated comets, meteor-showers, and violent exploding nebulea. Only the movie screen with it's cardboard baffles is shadowed from the effect.

Again lifting the makeshift control unit, Dolarhyde inserts another plug.

ANGLE (THE FILM)

A white rectangle appears on the screen as leader moves through the projector. The Leads family scotty appears, wagging his tail at the kitchen door (a section duped from the film viewed by Crawford and Graham).

Valerie Leads stands in the kitchen unpacking groceries. She smiles and adjusts her hair. Her daughter jumps up and down into the frame in front of the lens.

Valerie Leads moves towards the camera, very pretty, very appealing. She protests being filmed during such banal housewifery.

On a cut; Dolarhyde stands in nude sillouette facing a side-lit lithograqh of William Blake's "The Great Red Dragon and Woman Clothed with the Sun". He turns to face the camera, his eyes hidden by the red glasses. His hand grips his erection as he advances in rhythmic dance-like steps towards the lense. The focus blurrs, then sharpens as he reaches to adjust it with his hand. His mouth gapes open revealing angry red gums, devoid of teeth. A hand appears and an upper denture of jagged incisors is inserted. A slight fumbling and a set of lowers completes a carnivors maw. He moves now directly toward the lense, jaws agape until he consumes it in darkness.

A swish-pan, Charles Leads thrashes, spewing blood from his slashed throat in the garish intensity of a movie light. Valerie Leads juts up in bed and grabs for him, her expression shocked disbelief as a bullet thumps the bedclothes, causing her to lurch back. The camera jerks violently, then it settles, racking focus to the face of Valerie Leads. Her eyes are all pain and confusion. Charles Leads, hands on his neck, lunges with final

rage at the camera...a splice.

The camera is steady now; the Leads family are carefully arranged in a death portrait. The three children are propped against the wall facing the bed. Mr. Leads is held against the headboard by a belt, his nearly severred head hanging to one side. The movie light reflects in shards of broken mirror jammed into the eyes of Mrs. Leads, who sits propped up in bed with the blood-soaked covers pulled over her.

In silouette, like a demon-puppet from a Balinese folkplay, Dolarhyde enters the frame. Moving with stylized gestures, blood smeared and naked except for welder's glasses and latex gloves, he grabs the covers, whipping them off Valerie Leads as though performing a veronica.

ANGLE
On screen, Dolarhyde, with pig-like spasms that nearly synch with the panting and groaning of his onanistic pleasure, fucks the body of Valerie Leads. His lard-white buttocks flex with increasing excitation, over-exposed in the glare of the movie light.

Then, a bellow tainted with a deep primal note of pain signals the onset and final relief of Dolarhydes orgasm.

INT. TATTLER PRESS ROOM— DAWN

The giant press rolls, gathering speed until the thunder raises the dust in the press room. As the issues come spewing off the sorter, an ink-smeared technician hands one of the first copys to an FBI Agent. The agent's "thank you" is drowned out by the noise. He inserts the Tattler into a manila envelope and he walks quickly toward the exit.

INT. GRAHAM'S HOTEL ROOM -WASHINGTON -DAWN

Graham lies awake in his bed as the first light of dawn filters through the window. After several seconds he reaches over and lifts the phone. He dials his home. After several rings there is a click and the sound of Molly's voice.

GRAHAM
Hi...

MOLLY(V.O. distant)
Oh, hi,...

GRAHAM
I'm sorry if I woke you up.

MOLLY(V.O.)
No, that's okay. What's happening?

GRAHAM
Not much,...Christ, I really miss you.

MOLLY(V.O.)(vague)
I miss you too.

GRAHAM
I was lying here...I couldn't sleep and there were so many things I wanted to tell you. I wanted to tell you how I feel about you and how much I need...Can you sleep?

MOLLY
Not much. I nod off early, but...around three in the morning I wake up with the feeling that something's wrong...

GRAHAM
You should call me...I'm awake.

MOLLY
Yeah, I guess I should. The problem is I get...Angry.

Suddenly, there is a click and the operator's voice.

OPERATOR(V.O.)
I have an emergency interruption for Mr. Williamm Graham, from a Mr. Crawford,...

Graham is annoyed.

GRAHAM
What?

OPERATOR(V.O.)
An emergency interruption.

MOLLY
I guess I better hang up.

GRAHAM
Wait, I'm going to Birminghan Molly, when I finish I'll...

Before he can finish Molly is cut off. Crawford's voice comes on.

CRAWFORD(V.O.)
Hi, Will,...listen. Our Chicago office just picked up the latest Tattler, they're going to dictate the classifieds over the phone. Meet me in my office as soon as you can.

INT. CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

The ball of Sarah's IBM beats out a want-add in caps: "SUBMISSIVE WHITE MALE SEEKS BLACK POWER, PO BOX 48249 LOGAN TERMINAL".

ANGLE
Wearing a headset, Sarah continues to take dictation from the Chicago office while Graham and Crawford read over the typed-up pages.

GRAHAM
Here it is...

Crawford looks up.

GRAHAM(reading)
"Dear Pilgrim,you honor me"...Lector called him a pilgrim...this is it.

CRAWFORD
Son of a bitch.

GRAHAM
Dear Pilgrim, you honor me, you're very beautiful. I offer a 100 prayers for your safety. Find help in John 6:22, 8:16, 9:1 Luke 1:7, 3:1; Galatiens 6:11, 15:2, Acts 3:3, Revelation 18:7, Jonah 6:8...

INT. BOWMAN'S OFFICE- DAY

While Graham and Crawford look over his shoulder, Bowman takes a Bible and rifles through the onionskin pages. Seconds pass.

BOWMAN
Well, it's not the Bible. It says Galatiens 15:2 Galatiens has only six chapters, same with Jonah 6:8, Jonah has only four.

GRAHAM
The Tooth Fairy must have named the book in that part of the note that was torn out.

BOWMAN
What about sweating Lector? Hell, he's in a mental hospital. Can't they use drugs....

GRAHAM
They tried sodium amytal to find out where he buried a Princeton student,...He gave them a recipe for dip. Besides, if we sweat him we lose the connection. The Tooth Fairy picked a book he knew Lector had in his cell.

BOWMAN
Well, you tossed his cell, give me a list of the books...But I might need a couple days to work it out.

CRAWFORD
What about the CIA computor at Langly?

BOWMAN
Naw, that machine doesn't know jack shit about book codes.

INT. NATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Graham carrying an overnight bag walks toward the boarding gate for an Eastern flight to Birmingham.

INT. BEKING'S WAREHOUSE- BIRMINGHAM- DAY

Alone in a deserted section of a large warehouse, Graham picks through an open crate of belongings. Dresses, shoes, and underwear that belonged to Mrs. Jacobi.

ANGLE
Using a crowbar, Graham prys open another crate. He pulls away several boards, then peers inside. Reaching in , he begins removing the professionally packed objects.

ANGLE

Sitting on a pallet next to the crate, Graham examines golf clubs, tennis rackets, a folding backgammon board. As he takes out an eight-millimeter camera, a man approaches. It is it. Bryon Metcalf, the family attorney.

Graham looks around.

METCALF
Mr. Graham,...I'm Bryon Metcalf, the Jacobi family's attorney.

Graham shakes his hand.

METCALF
I thought I'd stop by and see if I could be of any help. It looks like a pretty rough job.

GRAHAM
Yeah, it's a pretty ,old trail. I was hoping I'd find some personal effects,...diarys, pictures, letters, anything that would give an idea of who the Jacobi's were.

METCALF
I didn't really know them that well. They moved down here from Detroit just last year. Apparently, they lost a lot of their personal belongings in a fire.

GRAHAM
Fire?

METCALF
Nothing very suspicious. Apparently Ed was welding down in the basement of their old house, sparks got into some paint he had stored there and the whole place went up. If you're interested in what they did before they came down here I can give you the name of their former attorney up in Detroit.

GRAHAM
Yeah, I'm interested...Also, who's picked up their mail?

METCALF
My secretary. I've got piles of it.

Graham takes out a card.

GRAHAM
I wonder if you could send it up to my office. I'd like to go through it.

Metcalf nods

EXT. CRAB STANDS- POTOMAC RIVER- SUNDOWN

Crawford is just receiving a steaming order of soft-shelled crabs from one of the crab stands. He steps a few feet away, squeezes lemon onto them and lifts one to his mouth.

Glancing up he sees a car lurch to a stop in the upper parking area. Bowman jumps out and scrambles down the rickety wooden staircase, shouting as he comes.

BOWMAN
Jack,...Jack, Christ I'm glad I found you.

Bowman rushes up breathless.

BOWMAN
We've got to get hold of Graham, right away. I deciphered Lector's note. It says Graham home Marathon Florida. Save yourself. Kill them all.

REDDRAGON8

EXT. MARATHON LANDING STRIP- DUSK

The local airlines DC-3 glides onto the small coral shell strip at Marathon, Florida.

ANGLE

It swings around in front of the small terminal and comes to a stop. Graham descends with the other passengers.

He passes through the airport and gets into a waiting cab.

INT. TAXI-ROAD- NIGHT

Graham's face is a half smile as he stares out at the water which glistens in the final light. He is going home and he is happy about it.

EXT. GRAHAM'S HOUSE- NIGHT

The house is dark and Molly's pickup is parked in front as the cab pulls up. Graham pays the driver, tips him worthy of a hearty "I thank you sir", and gets out.

Lifting his bag, Graham climbs onto the porch.

ANGLE
As Graham crosses the deserted porch, the phone is ringing. It stops as he reaches the front door. He knocks and there is no answer, then he tries the door.

GRAHAM

Molly.

It is locked. He pulls at it a few times, knocks again, and puts down his bag. Removing a ring of keys, he opens the door.

INT. GRAHAM'S HOUSE- NIGHT

The entrance is deserted as Graham steps inside. He glances up the stairs and calls.

GRAHAM

Molly, Jimmy,...Anyone home?

No answer. Graham turns on a light and crosses through the house to the kitchen. A single light burns over the stove. On the counter-top is a half-prepared dinner. A kettle simmers on the stove.

ANGLE
Graham glances around, perplexed but not yet alarmed. The phone rings. Graham crosses to it and picks it up.

GRAHAM
Hello.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)(excited)
Will...Thank Christ you're there. Is everything Okay? I've been frantically trying to call you. Bowman broke the code. Lector gave the bastard your home address...Now, wait Will, before you freak out, the Marathon sherrif's department is on it's way and...

Graham drops the phone, races through the hallway, and climbs the stairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Graham rushes along the hall to his upstairs bedroom, gun drawn. He grabs the door and yanks it open.

POV
The room is normal. He charges toward Jimmy's room. There is no sign of violence. Graham allows himself a split-second of relief, then he runs downstairs.

INT. HALLWAY KITCHEN AREA- HIGHT

As Graham moves quickly toward the kitchen, Molly steps suddenly in front of him. She reacts with a gasp of fright as he grabs her. Hugging her, holding her.

MOLLY
God, you scared hell out of me..
What are you doing with that fucking gun?

Jimmy is a few steps behind her, still wet from a swim.

JIMMY
Jesus Graham

Graham, while still holding her, makes a motion for the boy, who approaches. Graham reaches out and grabs his arm.

JIMMY
Graham, what is it? What's happened?

EXT. NATIONAL AIRPORT- DAY

Graham emerges from the entrance of National Airport with Molly, Jimmy, and several cases of luggage. They are assisted by a pair of nervious young agents to a waiting car.

As Graham and his family get inside, the two agents step back to a plain brown Chevrolet parked behind. They speak briefly with the me inside.

INT. GRAHAM'S CAR - DAY

As Graham settles behind the wheel, a voice crackles from inside.

AGENT
Fox Edward, give me a call back for radio check.

Graham lifts a concealed microphone from beneath the dash.

GRAHAM
Roger, Bobby. Just pulling out.

He pulls out. Molly seems cold, distant. As they pause at a light she looks nerviously over towards the car next to them. A lone man glances back at her with a strange, possibly sinister look. They pull out when the light changes and re-enter traffic.

EXT. A SMALL HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS- DAY

Graham's car pulls up and stops in front of a small house. The watch car stops a short distance down the street. Graham, Molly, and Jimmy get out with their bags.

ANGLE
Molly looks at the front of the house. She seems weary, exhasperated. Jimmy steps up to her as a pair of agents walks converge from thier parked car to speak with Graham.

JIMMY
How long are we going to have to live here,mom?

MOLLY
I dont know Jimmy.

JIMMY
No beach. There's nothing to to around here.

Graham approaches and they walk to the front door and enter.

INT. THE HOUSE - DAY

The decor is nonedescript Hyatt motel type furnishings, impersonal but adequate.

MOLLY
Who normally lives here?

GRAHAM
The bureau and the justice department use it occaisionally for witnesses.

Molly nods a grim acceptance.

INT. CRAWFORD'S HOUSE- HIGHT

Jimmy sits in front of the television watching a ball game, and Graham adjusts the squelch on a small VHF transmitter. He makes

a radio check with a watching patrol car. When he has finished he steps up beside Jimmy and watches over his shoulder.

JIMMY
Graham,...in that article...it said you were in a mental hospital.

Graham almost winces.

GRAHAM
Yeah, I was...years ago. Does that bother you?

JIMMY
Well, you're married to my mom.

GRAHAM
Would you like to know how it happened?

ANGLE
Molly is cutting slices of watermelon in the kitchen. She pauses and listens.

GRAHAM
I had to kill someone. It bothered me a lot I kept thinking there must be some way I could have handled it better. I got really depressed and a doctor suggested I go into a hospital.

ANGLE
Jimmy turns, forgetting the game.

JIMMY
Even though you had to do it, did killing someone feel that bad?

GRAHAM
Yes.

Jimmy sits for a beat.

JIMMY
You want a coke?

He gets up.

GRAHAM
Yeah, a coke would be great.

Graham settles into a chair and watches the game.

INT. BEDROOM- NIGHT

Graham lies sleepless beside Molly. He reaches over towards her. She stirs and continues to face away from him.

INT. CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - MORNING

Sarah is straightening up her desk when the phone rings. As she picks it up, Crawford enters.

SARAH
Special agent Crawford's office...No, Mr. Graham is not in the office...Wait, I'll be glad to... Yes , he'll be here late this afternoon.

The tone of her voice and a wave of her arm brings Crawford to the desk. She holds the phone as though it had died in her hand.

SARAH
He asked for Will. I tried to hold him.

CRAWFORD
Who?

SARAH
He said, "Just tell him it's the pilgrim".

EXT. PISTOL RANGE- DAY

Graham stands beside Molly, who fires at a sillouette target. After emptying several rounds, she replaces the gun in her bag. Then, following Graham's instructions, she whips it out and fires another set into the target.

ANGLE
Graham watches the bullets impact into the target of a man. His expression reflects a sense of accomplishment coupled with a sense of loss.

ANGLE
As Molly unloads and reloads, it is apparent that she is all business.

CRAWFORD'S OFFICE- DAY

A portable soundproof booth has been wheeled into the office and Crawford's desk is covered with a maze of wires leading to a voiceprint spectrograph, tape recorders and stress evaluator.

On a second table, several other telephones with open lines to the Bell Systems' switching center and the FBI communications room have been set up.

Graham seems casual as he scans a report. It is evident from his posture, and that of Crawford, Sarah, Beverly Katz, and a phone technician, that a good deal of time has been spent waiting.

CRAWFORD
Let's run this one more time.

Graham looks at him. Bored, annoyed.

CRAWFORD
Come on, if he calls at all it'll be short. So let's play it perfect.

GRAHAM
Okay, the phone rings. The curcuits completed immediatly and a trace starts, but the tone generator continues a ringing noise so he doesn't know we've picked up...

TECHNICIAN
We let the generator carry it for five rings, which gives us eight seconds.

BEVERLY KATZ
I pick up. He doesn't recognize my voice. I say "Mr. Graham, I'll have to page him, just a moment, please."

GRAHAM
She shouldn't over-rehearse. It's going to sound flat.

TECHNICIAN
Shouldn't we give him the hold music?

CRAWFORD
Hell no, I said no music.

BEVERLY
After twenty seconds of hold, I...

The phone rings, and they all go into action. Graham steps into the booth and closes the door.

ANGLE
Beverly picks up the phone.

BEVERLY
Special agent Crawford's office.

Sarah, listening on a headset, nods, big nods, "it's him".

INT POV GRAHAM IN BOOTH

Graham watches Beverly's lips moving. He sees her punch the hold button.

ANGLE
Crawford is rigid.

ANGLE

The technician gives a thumbs up.

ANGLE

The phone on Graham's table rings. Graham's hand moves towards it and let's it ring again. Then he lifts it.

GRAHAM
Will Graham.

There is a muffled low laugh.

GRAHAM
Who is this?

PILGRIM
Come on, your secretary didn't tell you?

GRAHAM
No, but she called me out of a meeting...

PILGRIM
(Cutting him off)
If you're telling me you won't talk to Mr. Pilgrim I'll hang up right now.

Graham hangs on the line through a long pause, then;

PILGRIM
You've been a busy boy, haven't you?

GRAHAM
I'm too busy to stay on the phone unless you state your business.

PILGRIM
My business is the same as yours. Atlanta and Birmingham.

GRAHAM
Do you know something about that?

PILGRIM(laughs)
Know something? Are you interested in Mr. Pilgrim? Yes or no, I'll hang up if you lie.

GRAHAM
Well, I get a lot of calls and most of them are from people who say they know things but don't.

PILGRIM
But, I do.

GRAHAM
You'd be surprised how many people call here to tell me just that. But I can tell from talking to them even for a few minutes that they don't even have the capacity to understand. Do you know what I

GRAHAM (CONT.)

mean?

Crawford scribbles on a sheet of paper and holds it up. "Chicago phone booth".

PILGRIM
I'll tell you what, you tell me one secret thing you know about Mister Pilgrim, and maybe I'll tell you whether you're right or not..

GRAHAM
Are you Mr. Pilgrim's friend?

ANGLE

In the room, all are silent as the recorders turn, transcribing the conversation

PILGRIM(V.O.)
Sort of.

GRAHAM
Then prove it. Tell me sometthing about him I don't already know.

PILGRIM
First you show me yours, then I'll show you mine.

ANGLE GRAHAM

GRAHAM
Alright. Mr. Pilgrim is right-handed.

PILGRIM
That's a safe guess, most people are.

GRAHAM
Mr. Pilgrim is misunderstood.

PILGRIM
Too general...Why don't you describe just exactly what he did to Mrs. Leads.

GRAHAM
I don't want to do that.

PILGRIN
Good bye...

GRAHAM
I don't want to do that until I know more about...

Graham hears a thump and a bang on the other end. Then a voice:

[redacted]

VOICE (OVER PHONE)

Freeze. Don't even twitch or you're dead. Lock your fingers behind your head and back out slowly.

GRAHAM

Christ, they got him...They actually got him.

Graham steps out of the booth. A cheer goes up in the room. Graham beams.

REDDRAGON9

EXT. FILLING STATION PHONE BOOTH- CHICAGO

Two patrolmen hold their guns on the figure of Freddy Lodge, reporter for National Tattler. As they back him out of the booth other police surge in from different directions

ANGLE
Lodge laughs at all the fuss.

LODGE
Relax, boys, my I.D.'s in my coat pocket.

Lodge is shoved against a car and roughly searched. A wallet is yanked out of his pocket.

INT. CRAWFORD'S OFFICE- DAY

There is a whirl of jubilant excitement. Crawford has Sarah on the phone making all arrangements.

CRAWFORD
Get Will and me on the next plane to Chicago,... and Price, let's take Price along for confirming prints...Beverly, could you be a sweetheart and make some of these calls?

Suddenly, the loud confused voice of a Chicago cop comes over the speaker set-up.

SARGEANT RIDDLE
Hey,...Who am I speaking to?

Graham picks up the phone.

GRAHAM
Will Graham, FBI.

SARGEANT RIDDLE
This is Sargeant Stanley Riddle, Chicago police. What the hell's going on?

GRAHAM
You tell me. You have a man in custody,.. right?

RIDDLE
Yeah, we got Freddy Lodge, a reporter from National Tattler...

The faces in the FBI room drop.

RIDDLE
Are you preferring charges against him?

There is a beat of confused silence.

RIDDLE
Can you hear me? Are you preferring charges?

GRAHAM
Yeah, I'm preferring charges, "obstruction of justice" for starters...You hold that prick for the U.S. Attorney

Graham slams the phone down.

INT. PROJECTION ROOM- GATEWAY FILMS -DAY

The screen in a small projection room shows a boring series of grey cards and colored cards that are part of film tests. Sitting next to Reba, Dandridge asks about various emulsions. Dolarhyde sits behind them.

DANDRIDGE
Reba, give us the development dope on sample eight.

ANGLE
Dolarhyde watches Reba as her fingers glide over a clipboard on her lap. Her hair glistens with a slight halo, backlit by the projector.

REBA
That's the 1000C...Basically the same as the 1200 series but it doesn't require storage below forty degrees.

The lights come on and Dandridge stands.

DANDRIDGE
Alright, I don't see any problems here. Mr. D., have you got some ideas for Dr. Warfield?

DOLARHYDE
Yes.

DANDRIDGE(to Reba, a near whisper)
Listen Reba, I've got to make a client's meeting. Can you manage?

Dolarhyde watches a slight stiffening in Reba's posture.

REBA
I can manage very well, thank you Danny.

DANDRIDGE
I'd love to drop you, but I'm late already. Maybe Mr. Dolarhyde, if it wouldn't be too much trouble, could you?

REBA

It's okay, Danny, I have a ride home.

Dolarhyde tenses at the possibilities of the situation.

EXT. GATEWAY LABS- AFTERNOON

Reba sweeps with her cane as she follows the dividing strip along the parking lot towards a bus stop. Dolarhyde's van approaches slowly from behind.

ANGLE
Dolarhyde watches her through the open window of his van. Sensing his presence, Reba glances toward him but continues walking. After a few seconds Dolarhyde speaks.

DOLARHYDE
Ride with me.

Reba walks as she speaks.

REBA
Thanks , but I take the bus all the time.

DOLARHYDE
Dandridge is a fool. Ride with me...for my pleasure.

Reba stops. She hears the door of the van open and Dolarhyde steps close to her. He reaches out but stops short of touching her.

REBA
It's easiest if I take your arm.

Her hand goes out and finds Dolarhyde's forearm. In the manner of a formal escort he leads her to the passenger side of the van.

Reba grips the sides and athletically jumps up into the front seat.

INT. VAN - DAY

Reba feels around and finds the safety belt. Dolarhyde is about to reach forward and assist her as she finds the latch.

The diagonal strap rests across her soft breasts. She adjusts it between them, turns and smiles at him.

REBA
Ready.

EXT. ST. LOUISE - DAY

The van moves along a shady street in the area near George Washington University.

INT. VAN- DAY

As he drives slowly along the street, Dolarhyde looks across Reba at the numbers. Seeing her house he stops.

DOLARHYDE(after a beat)
Nine-twenty-eight...

Reba unhitches her seat-belt and grips her cane.

REBA
Come on in. I'll give you a drink.

Without a word Dolarhyde opens his door.

EXT. REBA'S STREET- DAY

Dolarhyde comes around and opens her door and without waiting for his arm Reba gets out and impulsively crosses the sidewalk and climbs her steps. The move almost startles Dolarhyde. For a brief second he doubts she is blind.

INT. REBA'S APARTMENT- DAY

Dolarhyde watches as Reba opens her door. He follows her inside and she leans her cane beside the door and moves with the freedom of familiarity.

Dolarhyde glances around the apartment. The furnishing are large, used, and comfortable. There are no pictures on the walls, and there is a disregard for color. The drapes are drawn and he feels strangely comfortable.

Reba switches on a stereo and as chamber music plays;

REBA
How about a gin and tonic?

DOLARHYDE
Tonic will be fine.

REBA
Would you rather have juice?

DOLARHYDE
No, tonic is fine.

REBA
You're not a drinker, are you?

DOLARHYDE
No.

ANGLE
Dolarhyde enters the small kitchen which is dark. He watches as Reba runs her hands over the shelves of the refrigerator, taking

inventory.

REBA
How about...a piece of pie? Karo pecan.

DOLARHYDE
Sure.

Reba takes the pie from the refrigerator and puts it on the counter. Using her hands as a guide-on she takes a knife and slices out a piece.

Dolarhyde watches, fascinated, as the blade moves swiftly between her slender fingers. Suddenly, feeling the silence, he speaks.

DOLARHYDE
How long have you been at Gateway?

REBA
Three months.

Dolarhyde watches her as she removes the piece of pie, rinses and replaces the shiny knife.

A few seconds of silence pass as she makes her gin and tonic.

REBA
When will they film at the zoo?

DOLARHYDE
Maybe next week.

Reba has finished her drink and his tonic. As she hands it to him she runs her hand quickly over his plate.

REBA
I forgot your fork.

She whips one out of a drawer.

REBA
Let's sit on the couch like real people.

ANGLE
Dolarhyde follows as she enters the living room. At the couch she puts her hand over a lamp. Feeling no heat, she turns it on.

REBA
It's dark in here.

She sits easily on one end and Dolarhyde sits rather stiffly on the other.

REBA
Well, it's a great zoo. I went with my sister and my niece when they came to visit.

REBA (cont.)

They have this contact area, you know, and I hugged this llama. It felt nice , but talk about aroma.

She glances at Dolarhyde who is staring at her in silence.

REBA(nervous laugh)
I thought I was being followed by a llama until I changed my shirt.

Dolarhyde forces himself to speak.

DOLARHYDE
How did you come to Gateway?

REBA
They came to me. I was at Reiker Institute in Denver, and Gateway had to shape-up employment practices to keep a defense contract, so they recruited two blacks, two chicanos, a paraplegic, and me.

DOLARHYDE
You worked out well for Gateway.

REBA
The other's did too. Gateway's not giving anything away.

DOLARHYDE
Before that?

REBA
I studied at Reiker. This is my first job outside.

DOLARHYDE
Outside?

REBA.
I mean in the sighted world. Actually, I intended to go into speech therapy.

Dolarhyde stiffens.

REBA
I'll probably go back to it one day. Say, do you want some Mrs. Paul's Crab Ball miniatures. They're pretty good.

DOLARHYDE
Um-hmmm.

REBA
Do you cook?

Um-hmmm

A tiny crease appears on Reba's brow.

REBA
I'm dying to take a gourmet cooking class.

DOLARHYDE
Hmmmmmmm

Reba puts her drink down and leans toward Dolarhyde, her arm extended towards him along the back of the couch.

ANGLE
Sensing her move towards him. Dolarhyde stiffens with slight alarm.

REBA
Let's talk about something for a moment and get it out of the way. Since I mentioned speech therapy you haven't spoken,...I'm trained, my hearing is excellent, and I detect a slight fricative when you speak...It could be the shape of your mouth, or dentures...But, don't stop talking. I'm genuinely interested in what you have to say.

Dolarhyde stares at her for several seconds.

DOLARHYDE
Ummm, That's good. I'm glad.

Reba smiles and moves a bit closer.

REBA
Now,...I wonder if I could touch your face? I want to know if your smiling or frowning...(wryly) I really want to know whether I should just shut up or not

She raises her hand in front of him and waits.

DOLARHYDE
How do you know I won't bite you?

REBA(laughs)
That's just a chance I'll have to take.

Dolarhyde reaches out and grasps her wrist between his thumb and forefinger. He turns her hand in the light, studying it. Then, he guides it back above her lap and releases it.

DOLARHYDE
Take my word that I'm smiling.

Her hand settles to her thigh.

GRAHAM
Hi Freddy...

LODGE
This is Mike Doyle my attorney...

DOYLE
I'd like to remind you boys that we are here strickly as a courtesy...My client is under no obligation to speak to you or any one else.

GRAHAM
Mr. Doyle my partner and I are seriously considering eliminating the need for you?

DOYLE
What?

CRAWFORD
We're thinking of dropping our charges, but we' d like a few minutes with Mr. Lodge on his own.

Freddy smiles.

GRAHAM
Lose him and let'ss talk

Graham nods towards Crawfords inner office.

LODGE
Mike, you wait here.

INT CRAWFORDS OFFICE - DAY
Graham closes the door behind the men as they enter.

GRAHAM
Freddy, before we start I'd like to get some personal feelings off my chest...Frankly I'd like to really hang your ass. Use all the power this place commands and maybe the IRS as well to pinch your fuckin' head off.

LODGE
What are you so pissed off about... So I posed as a pervert killer to get some info out of you guys, so big deal. Like it's something you've never done. I've seen your guys posing as Arabs on TV for Christ sake.

GRAHAM
How did you find out about that ad?

LODGE
Gimme a break, some guy from your Chicago office with snow on his shoes came around...

LODGE (cont)

told our ad manager he wanted to look over the classifieds...I figured Lector was maybe starting a Barret-Browning with Tooth Fairy. I had them check the envelopes and we found the one that was from Chesapeake, with a meter number from the state hospital. Now are we gonna talk about a story or do I get Mike back in here.

CRAWFORD

Freddy. It seems our man out there is a fan of yours.

LODGE

You bet he reads Tattler. Every freak in the country reads it.

GRAHAM

We'll drop the charges Freddy if you lay it on for us. We want to use the Tattler. We want to plant an artical, monitor the adds and incoming mail, have free run of the place.

Freddy laughs.

LODGE

You guys are all heart. Hey, keep the charges, I'll get a lot of milage out of em'...But, now I'll offer you a deal. You want the Tattler to help catch the "Tooth Fairy"?...You're on. Only I want an exclusive right to the case...interviews, access to the files, and personal statements from the two of you.

CRAWFORD

The FBI cant give an exclusive to the National Tattler. Our PR guys would have a shit hemoraeage.

LODGE

Why? I can be descrete.

GRAHAM

Discreet?...Your paper's got the discretion of a suppository.

LODGE

Then maybe you should try the Washington Post,...Only trouble is your man dont read it...You want the Tattler Just guarantee that I get to feature a first-hand account of you grabbin'him and how-I helped, an we're on.

Graham and Crawford exchange a shrug.

THE ARTICLE

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS

In front of a mass spectograph at the FBI a photographer moves around Graham shooting photos as Freddy Lodge tapes an interview.

GRAHAM
I'm going to speculate that the Tooth Fairy is ugly and impotent with persons of the opposite sex. In fact, let's claim that we have evidence he in fact molested his male victims...

Against a wall covered with shots of various psychotic killers on which Hannible Lector is prominently featured, Graham is photograqhed. He continues his interview.

GRAHAM
We should make a point of saying that he's not nearly as smart as Lector. Lector is a genius and this person is probably mentally retarded. We can say that the semen samples that we took from Mrs. Leads indicate some kind of genetic abnormality.

In a small apartment, Graham poses at a desk in a bathrobe. An open window is behind him.

LODGE
Great,...How about "Detective in Secret Hideaway" ..."brilliant investigator seeks solitude from carnival atmosphere of investigation. We'll play it beside a gross composite drawing that makes him a monster.

GRAHAM
Good.

The photographer lines up a shot which shows a portion of the open window.

PHOTOGRAPHER
You want to check this out?

Crawford squints through the camera.

POV
The shot shows a piece of the Capitol and a section of the sign on a large motel.

ANGLE
Crawford looks at Graham and smiles.

CRAWFORD
Well, if he wants to, he can sure as hell find it.

EXT. APARTMENT- WASHINGTON STREET- DUSK

Crawford, Graham, and SPURGEN, a short, athletic-looking SWAT commander walk on the nearly deserted street in front of the apartment. The large motel sign is visible a short distance away.

CRAWFORD

This is a good time

SPURGEN

Yeah, this set up aint heaven but it could sure be worse. The pedestrian traffic falls off around seven. Everybody's home for dinner.

They walk to a parked squad car.

SPURGEN

So, you're gonna park here tomorrow night we'll change the space every day but it'll always be in this area. It's seveny five yards to the apartment entrance. He could hide in one of these cars and snipe you, but the front door is probably where he's gonna make his move. We're gonna reduce wattage on the street lights to make it tougher on a sniper.

GRAHAM

What about your people?...It'll be tougher on them too.

SPURGEN

Me and my best rifleman are using Startron night scopes. By the way,I know it's gonna be hot, but you'll wear Kevlar body armor each and every time, correct?

GRAHAM

Yes

STURGEN

He could walk up from behind, or figure on meeting you, then turning around when he's passed...Shit.

GRAHAM

What?

SPURGEN

I just remembered. He knows you, but you've got no idea what he looks like. You can't give him any time. Have you been shooting?...How's your score?

GRAHAM

Not bad. I've been teaching my wife.

SPURGEN

Yeah, but can you move, can

SPURGEN (cont.)

you do a flop?

Graham hesitates.

SPURGEN
We better go to the range.

EXT. GRAHAM'S WASHINGTON HOUSE- BACK PORCH- NIGHT

Graham sits in a swing with Molly. They are silent. Finally, she speaks.

MOLLY
It's probably the stupidest fucking thing I've ever heard.

GRAHAM
It's worth a try. We've only got two weeks...not even two weeks.

MOLLY
Why would you do this to me?

GRAHAM
Do what to you?

MOLLY
You never even esked me how I feel. Don't you think that hurts?...

GRAHAM
Molly, I'm sorry, but I can't quit now.

MOLLY
I know,...you can't quit. You're the hero, risking his life to catch a maniac killer and I'm just the bitchy wife who wishes we could all go home.

GRAHAM
We will go home.

MOLLY
Yeah, until next time, right?

GRAHAM
Molly.

He reaches out to take her hand. She gets up and enters the house, leaving Graham alone on the porch.

INT. ST. LOUIS AIRPORT NEWSSTAND- MORNING

An electric tug stacked with airfreighted newspapers rolls through the looby to a newsstand, where bundles of Chicago Tribunes and National Tattlers are dumped off.

ANGLE
The newsman kneels and cuts the string on the Trib. As he begins sorting the papers and placing them on the racks a pair of zipped black boots appears in the scene. Dolarhyde's voice is heard.

DOLARHYDE

A Tattler.

NEWSMAN

You gotta wait until I bust the bundle.

The boots remain standing there as the newsman continues sorting the Tribs.

NEWSMAN

You gotta come back later. Understand? I'm working here.

There is a sudden flash of steel and the twine on the bundle of Tattlers pops. Dolarhyde grabs one from the middle, letting the others spill onto the floor. A Susan B. Anthony dollar rings on the floor beside the newsman who scrambles to his feet.

NEWSMAN

Hey, hey, you...

Dolarhyde turns and steps up to him, Close.

DOLARHYDE

Me?

NEWSMAN

Yeah, you, I told you....

DOLARHYDE

You told me what?

The newsman reads something in Dolarhyde's look that frightens him.

NEWSMAN

You got a quarter comin'.

Dolarhyde smiles, turns and walks away, leaving the newsman in impotent rage.

INT. DOLARHYDES HOUSE- DAY

Dolarhyde, stripped to his underwear, sits at a battered desk in a small room that was formerly the nursing home accounting office. He has covered the walls with various clippings of his crimes.

Pieces of the Tattler are scattered across the desk where he has torn out sections.

ANGLE
Dolarhyde's hands tear along a ruler to remove a shot of Graham on the steps of the FBI building.

When he has finished he takes the photo and several others and opens a large family album scrap book. Opening it , Dolarhyde leafs through the pages which show a series of extremely bizarre images. The shed skin of a snake crosses one, a nestling bird is pressed like a flower above it. Another shows a montage of photos from a medical journal that depict a hideously deforming skin disease.

Dolarhyde stops on a page that shows a photo of some strange creature, a monster found dead on a beach in some remote East Indian Island.

The last few pages have snipped news clips of the various murders

ANGLE
Much like a school boy working nights on his stamp album, Dolarhyde, carefully puts the photo of Graham onto an otherwise empty page.

INT. DOLARHYDES HOUSE - DUSK
Dolarhyde walks along a hallway towards the stairs leading to the living quarters of the house. He slowly climbs the stairs, About half way to the top a slight noise from above distracts him and he pauses. Several seconds tick by as he stairs into the darkness above. Then, he proceeds.

INT UPSTAIRS HALLWAY DUSK
Almost childlike,Dolarhyde moves quietly along the hallway, his anxiety seems to grow as he nears the open door to a room. A dim light can be seen shining from inside.

He slows as though gathering his courage to move past. Suddenly a face appears in the doorway. An ancient man, his eyes shaded with make up and his lips slightly rouged over yellow teeth leers out at him. The man's name is
FRAWLY.

Called you a sissy, huh boy.

Dolarhyde nods a vigorous denial.

FRAWLY(smiles)
Come on sonny, you think he dont already know?
You better get in here.

Frawly beckons to Dolarhyde, urging him inside.

DOLARHYDES POV

He enters. Frawly's room is decorated with the trappings of a lifetime spent in the carnival-sideshow world. Posters of freaks hang above a battered iron bed, and one wall is covered by a huge flyer, modeled crudely on the William Blake painting of the RED DRAGON... It is lettered with blood red script"THE DRAGON LIVES". Beneath it is a tank filled with a slightly opaque liquid. It contains the contorted reptilian form of some strange creature. From amidst the coils of scales a small bluish hand like that of a human child can be seen.

Frawly laughs ominously.

FRAWLEY(in a near whisper)
Go on look close.

ANGLE
Francis Dolarhyde as a boy of seven cautiously moves his face closer to the tank. His eyes are wide with fear. Frawly's withered hands settle on his shoulders.

FRAWLY(a whispered voice over)
He's been hungry...I have to keep the lid down real tight or he'll come out of there...crawl down your throat while you're sleepin' [redacted]...That's how they grow...I [redacted] CUT this one out of the [redacted] of a Borneo head hunter.
INNARDS

The face of young Francis Dolarhyde contorts in abject horror to a motion in the tank.

ANGLE
The coils of the dragon move in the liquid until from behind the scaly wrappings a wrinkled fetus like head appears and faces him. The eyes open revealing snake like expressionless pupils.

ANGLE
The boy stares at the dragon with a mixture of fear and strange fascination.

EXT. WASHINGTON APARTMENT- NIGHT (STAKE-OUT)

A new moon hangs in the sky. The street is completely calm as dusk settles. The streetlights glow dim in the early summer evening. Graham's car approaches and stops across the street

from his apartment.

EXT. ROOFTOP- NIGHT

Spurgen and two of his men crouch with rifles ready. He wears a headset.

ANGLE
In the corner of a window the muzzle of a rifle can be seen as Graham gets out of his car. A pan reveals the face of a SWAT commando.

ANGLE
Graham gets out and heads towards the apartment house. About thirty feet from the curb a figure is seen walking along the sidewalk. It is a man in sweated up jogging clothes, a towell is worn high on his neck preventing a decent view of his face.

Although aware of him, Graham doesn't break his stride.

As he approaches, the man slows. It is clear they will pass very close.

ANGLE
Spurgen switches the safety off his rifle. His hands flex in Zen-like concentration on the stock.

POV
The man walks as if in daylight, made bright by the image intensifier. The cross-hairs are directly over his heart.

ANGLE

Graham nears the man. Suddenly, a window in the apartment slides open. Graham glances up and sidesteps at the sound. A figure appears.

Graham's hand goes inside his jacket to his holster.

POV
The cross-hairs of a SWAT gun -sight go to the window. A woman appears.

ANGLE
Graham has half-way drawn his gun when a woman speaks from the window.

WOMAN
You cheated.

MAN
No, I didn't...I ran the whole way.

WOMAN
You couldn't have...it's only been thirty minutes.

MAN

So I broke a record.

WOMAN (~~SHOOTS~~)

Well, come in in an break another one...

The man laughs and sprints up the steps. hand...

ANGLE
Graham, seeing the harmless greeting , goes pale. He stops for a beat, then jams the gun into his holster and moves forward up the steps of the apartment and inside.

INT. APARTMENT- NIGHT

Graham bursts in the door where Crawford sits amidst an array of radio equipment. He lunges forward, grabs the device, and throws it onto the floor, then proceeds to kick over the desk chair and coffee table. Crawford stares at him, amazed.

REDDRAGN11

EXT OFFICES OF NATIONAL TATTLER - NIGHT

Freddy lodge emerges from the offices and walks to his car which is parked in a lot beside the building. As he unlocks it he glances with distain at a bedraggled looking wino who mutters at him from the sidewalk.

ANGLE
Freddy's car pulls of the inner city throughway into a residential area of the loop.

ANGLE
Cruising along a street of relatively new apartment buildings it turns into a garage.

INT FREDDY'S CAR - POV
Entering the garage, Freddy'ds car moves to a space marked "Lodge" in big letters. Dolarhydes van is parked next to it and it hangs over into Freddy's space.

ANGLE
Freddy gets out and gives the van a bang with his door expressiing his annoyance. As he begins locking his door, Dolarhyde emerges behind him.

While watching him, Dolarhyde cooly pours chlorofrom from a bottle onto a vinyl sponge. As Freddy's nose wrinkles in respoonse to the unusual smell a flat steel sap hits the back of his head. Dazed, he falls back against the car. Dolarhyde grips him around the neck and shoves the sponge under his nose. after a few brief seconds of struggle Freddy goes limp.

His keys fall to the floor of the garage as he is dragged back toward Dolarhydes van. oo

INT. GRAHAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT
The night is warm and sticky with humidity. Molly and Graham lie on opposiste side of a double bed in restless uneasy sleep under a single sheet.

An electric fan hums on a dresser sending the merest motion of heavy air through the room. Suddenly, the silence is broken by the ringing of the telephone. Graham jumps awake and Molly jerks around. She watches him as he reacts.

After a single word he slams down the phone.

GRAHAM
Shit.

Graham gets up and starts putting on his clothes.

MOLLY
What?

GRAHAM
Freddy Lodge has vanished...Crawfords got us on a six AM plane for Chicago.

Molly watches him for a beat as he gets dressed.

MOLLY
I dont want to stay here Graham. Not on my own with Jimmy.

Graham looks at her. He starts to fume.

GRAHAM
What do you mean? It's not like we have any choice...For Christ sake Molly I'm up against it. Dont make me fight on two fronts. It's not fair.

MOLLY
Not fair? I'm here with my son living under armed guard because you decided to play Western hero...So, dont give me some shit about what's fair.

Graham snatches up his coat and without a word leaves tyhe room. Molly sits alone listening as the door slams and he leaves the house.

INT. GARAGE LODGE APARTMENT - DAY
A seargant from the Chicago police stands near Freddy's car as Graham and Crawford examine the scene of the abduction. Yellow chalk marks large areas of the garage and powder has been dusted over the floor to reveal tire tracks.

Dragons blood along the door of Freddys car makrs a hand print and a smear where his hand touched the door after he was hit. A yellow circle on the concrete marks the place where the keys were found.

Graham examines the hand print on the door.

Crawford stands a short distance away. The cop, bored leans against a concrete pillar.

Graham rises to his feet.

GRAHAM
He must have parked down here and waited for him ...We could get lucky with tire tracks...check them against the tenants. I dont imagine too many strange vehicals come down here.

Graham, looks at a set of vague tracks that lead into the space next to Freddy's car. The wheel markings are wider than any of the others.

The seargent speaks.

SEARGENT
The manager says lots of vans come down here... Service elevator is right over there.(he points)

Graham nods an acknowledgement.

Suddenly, off screen there is a loud "woof" and the yellow light of flames illuminates a portion of the garage. The men look around to see.

ANGLE
A fireball rolling down the steep incline into the garage...A blazing wheelchair with the form of a man carrening wildly as it races down into the rows of parked cars. It sideswipes a cocnret pillar then careens wildly towards them. A muffled scream of horror can be heard as it tips on its side and lies on the concrete floor erupting billows of fire and heavy black smoke.

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS
Crawford races to a fire extinguisher on the wall and yanks it loose.

Graham stares for a split horror struck second at the flaming form of Freddy Lodge wrapped into the chair with ace bandages.

Then. as Crawford opens the extinguisher on the flaming figure, Graham bolts and races up the ramp towards the outside.

EXT CHICAGO STREET - DAY
Graham emerges onto the street looking first in one direction then the other.
Respoding to a sound he looks around as Dolarhydes van pulls out of a driveway and heads directly for him. He jumps to get out of the way and it hist him a glancing blow as he dives for cover.

Falling against a parked car Graham, scrambles to his feet and begins a chase on foot after the van.

At the corner the van attempts to run a light and is forced to screech to a stop as a car cuts in front of it and stalls.

Graham catches up to the van just as it starts up again. He jumps to the empty spare tire rack on the back and hangs on.

His hand locks on the doorhandle and he pulls it open. The rear door swings open and out with him clinging to it.

Hanging onto the open door and trying desparately to scramble into the speeding van, Graham sees Dolarhyde from behind as his gaze spots him in the rear view mirror. Seeing him, Dolarhyde spins the wheel, wildly careening the van from side to side.

Graham hangs on until, finally the G-force of a turn as it careens around a corner slams the open door on his hand. With a

scream of pain he lets go and
momentum into the street. A car following the van nearly hits him screeching past within inches of his head.

Stunned, his face bloody, Graham looks up from the road where he has fallen to see the van dissappear ahead into traffic.

INT. CHICAGO POLICE HEADQUARTERS- DAY
Inside police headquarters, Graham, his hand bandaged walks with a limp beside Crawford and Captain C.W. Osborne, a ferret-faced Chicago homicide detective.

CRAWFORD
On working up the chair, the car...anything...We want to give you all the help we can.

OSBORNE
You can have the results when I get 'em. You think your labs can do better than the Chicago PD, then go for it.

Crawford and Graham exchange a look.

GRAHAM
I get the impression you're not thrilled with having us in on this.

OSBORNE
No, I'm not thrilled about anything. Look, you guys made the deal with Lodge that got him cooked. Now, the other papers adopt him like he was Colonel Birdie McCormick reincarnate and I'm the asshole with a Tooth Fairy murder right here in Chicago, where homicide don't need any additional work.

CRAWFORD
Alright, it was our operation and it turned to shit. You gonna tell me that never happens in your department?

OSBORNE
The guy had no protection. You put him in the toilet.

CRAWFORD
The plan was for him to come to Washington.

They reach the Chicago police lab.

INT. POLICE LAB- DAY

The men walk through an outer foyer area to a large room. In the center is the charred remains of the wheelchair and a large pile of ace bandage. It has been cut open to remove the body of Freddy Lodge.

ANGLE
Graham approaches it. A technician is scraping minute samples of paint from one side.

GRAHAM
The Tattler hit the stands that morning and he got Freddy the same night. He's fairly close.

EXT. A WOODLAND - NORTHERN MISSOURI - DAY
In the verdant green of a mid-western woodland Dolarhydes grunts of exhertion over power the fluty notes of robins as he works a tire onto a wheel of the van. When he has finished he takes a small electric pump and hooks it to the filler valve, plugs it into the cigarette lighter and wipes his hands as the tire slowly fills with air.

After watching it for a beat, Dolarhyde takes the dicarded wheels of the van and rolls them down a steep embankment to a slow moving river below. Watching as they drift slowly away, downstream.

REDDRAGN12

INT. A SMALL EHTNIC RESTAURANT- DAY

Seated at a back table in the nearly deserted restaurant, Graham and Crawford go over FBI express mail as they eat lunch.

CRAWFORD(reacting to a bulletin)
God bless our labs, old Freddy was cooked in gasohol...Servco supreme. One-hundred and eighty-six stations scattered over eight states. Now if God loves us the Tooth Fairy used a credit card and we've got a chance.

GRAHAM
He probably used a siphon hose.

Crawford lifts a map out of his briefcase.

CRAWFORD
Look, lets figure six hours driving time. If we add two hours for rush hour traffic, this is the farthest away he could possibly be.

Crawford makes a circle on the map.

GRAHAM
So we've narrowed it down to Chicago, and a circle covering Milwaukee, Madison, Dubuque, Peoria, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Cincinatte, Detroit, Not to mention Canada,...Come on, Jack, you're pulling my tit...

CRAWFORD
Yeah, but that morning the Tattler was only available in a few locations. I've got a list from the circulation department. It narrows it down to around ninety all-night newsstands. Some guy might remember an odd customer in a big hurry to get one.

GRAHAM
Yeah, it's worth checking.

A waiter comes and refills their coffee.

CRAWFORD
Have you spoken with Molly?

GRAHAM
Not since yesterday.

CRAWFORD
I understand she moved out of the secure house.

Graham is attentive to the sugaring of his coffee.

CRAWFORD
Well, he'll be glad to see the kid.

Graham is silent.

CRAWFORD
Everything okay?

GRAHAM
I'm working, Jack, so don't worry about it.

CRAWFORD
I just wanted to know if everything was alright.

GRAHAM
My wife is very possibly going to leave me, Jack. She resents the fact that because of me she is now forced to hide from a psychotic killer...Just to make things worse, Jimmy's father called. He's making noises about getting custody...He gave Molly heat about jeopardising the life of his son.

CRAWFORD
What bullshit.

GRAHAM
It's not bullshit. He's right. If Jimmy was my kid I'd feel the same way.

Both men are silent for a beat. Crawford resumes his study of the report.

CRAWFORD
The lab found two kinds of carpet fibres on the wheels of that chair. Wool and synthetic... The rug in that van could be synthetic, but a wool rug means a house.

GRAHAM
Great, so now we've got a house,...with wool carpet ...inside the circle that covers a fourth of the United States. I'll bet he can feel us breathin' right down his neck.

EXT. ST. LOUIS ZOO- NIGHT
Dolarhyde's van turns onto the entrance road of the St. Louis zoo.

INT. VAN- NIGHT

Reba sits on the front seat next to him. She wears a summer dress and seems almost childishly excited.

REBA
Come on, what kind of "outing" is this. A moonlight

picnic?

Dolarhyde smiles and nods a negative.

DOLARHYDE
No...You have to guess.

The van approaches a gate and stops. Dolarhyde rolls down a window as a guard approaches.

DOLARHYDE
My name is Dolarhyde...I blief Dr. Warfield left a pass in my name.

GUARD
He told you where to find him

DOLARHYDE
Yes.

The guard steps to the window of his booth and removes a piece of paper from a small pad.

REBA
A pass?...Where are we?

The guard steps back to the car.

GUARD
Just put this under your windshield-wipers when you leave your vehical.

As the van moves forward Reba scents the air. An elephant trumpets in the distance.

REBA
The zoo,..

She hugs Dolarhyde.

REBA
But, how did you get them to let us in?

DOLARHYDE
Remember? We did them a favor.

EXT. ZOO EMPLOYEES PARKING AREA -NIGHT

The van pulls into a parking area that is practically deserted and stops.
Dolarhyde gets out and helps Reba who guides gently on his arm.

EXT. A PATH THROUGH THE ZOO - NIGHT
Dolarhyde with Reba at his side walks slowly along a path in the grounds of the breat zoo. Stange calls of night birds are heard

in the sistance and as they pass through areas of heavy tropical vegetation, the breaths, and grunts of unseen creatures seem to surround them.

Emerging from a small overgrown tunnel, there is the sudden loud bark of a mandrill. Reba reacts with fear, grabbing Dolarhyde and holding him close.

ANGLE
Dolarhyde looks around to see a large burly form, the dominent male of the mandrill troop ascending a promnitory in thier open air enclosure. The creature opens his mouth wide to reveal a huge set of white fangs that gleam in the light of the three quarter moon.

Reba feels his body tense as he stares at the animal.

REBA
What is it?

DOLARHYDE
Just some kind of ape.

The Mandrill barks again and they move on.

ANGLE
Descending a path they walk through an over grown area where strange lowing sounds can be heard. Although no animals are visible, the sounds have a distinctly sexual over tone.

Dolarhyde glances around. The sounds grow louder, heaving bellows that must accompany thrusts of a primal sexual energy.

REBA
Listen, they must be doing it. (SHE LAUGHS)

Dolarhyde seems uneasy. He glances around, nothing. The area surrounding them seems deserted.

REBA
What are they? Can you see them?

DOLARHYDE
No,...

He glances at Reba, who moves her head trying to sense the direction of the sound.

REBA(thrilled)
I can SURE smell them,...wow.

They advance a few steps and round a small turn. Suddenly, the sound is almost deafening. Just to the side of them in an open enclosure a huge bull water buffalo is fucking one of his cows.

Dolarhyde stops and stares at the animals. He is transfixed.

ANGLE
The bulls eyes are glazed as he pumps the female. He glistens with sweat and his muscles can be seen rippling beneath the sweaty sheen of his hide.

ANGLE
Dolarhyde staands staring at the animals. The noise and presence is overwhelming.

CAN'T REBA THEY MUST BE HUGE
~~[illegible]~~ see them now. ~~Tell me about it.~~
Describe what they're doing.

Dolarhyde looks at her. She leaves his arm and moves cautiously forward towards the guard rail. Her body is small and her movments make her seem frail and vulnerable. Dolarhyde takes a CONTROLLED [redacted] breath, the glazed eyes and flared nostrils of the monster bull are visible behind Reba,
FOR SEVERAL SECONDS,
Dolarhyde stares at the creatures, then he moves towards Reba. Suddenly, he is called from off screen.

DR. WARFIELD
Mr. Dolarhyde,...

Dolarhyde glances around to see Warfield approaching on a path. He speaks from the distance.

WARFIELD
I was afraid you'd get lost...I told you we'd be at night animals, but we've had a minor emergancy ...Everybody's at the hospital.

ANGLE
The bulls slides off his cow.

ANGLE
Dolarhyde stares with a strange sense of relief at the approach of Dr.Warfield.

INT. ZOO HOSPITAL- NIGHT

Reba, Dolarhyde, and Warfield stand to one side in a large animal examining room as eight burly attendents enter carrying a large anesthetized tiger on a sling. Dr. Hassler, a youngish veterinarian, walks beside them.

Reba senses the entry, the rhythmic shuffling of burdened feet, and the animal is brought past them. Dolarhyde moves her back slightly.

-REBA
It's here?..

DOLARHYDE

Yes. It's asleep.

REBA

How can they be sure?

DOLARHYDE

They tickled it and it didn't laugh.

Reba gives him an "Aw, come on" nudge in the ribs. The tiger is laid out on an operating table.

ANGLE
As attendents strap the animal down, Dr. Warfield moves forward with Reba and Dolarhyde, who stares transfixed at the animal. Warfield takes Reba's hand and places it on the tiger's head.

WARFIELD

He's a four-year-old male...About ten feet long from his nose to the tip of his tail. And, normally, when his appetite is good, he weighs around eight-hundred and twent-five pounds.

Moving her fingers around the animal's ears and lightly over his closed eyes, Reba's face lapses into blindisms, innappropriate facial movements that she has schooled herself against.

Dolarhyde watches as her hand flattens and glides along the animal's rib cage, reacting as her fingers slip down to it's belly, it's loins, and the long sheath of its penis.

Warfield moves her to another position, lifts a giant paw, and places it in her hands. She feels the weight of it.

REBA

It's so heavy.

Warfield positions her fingers as he presses the sides of a toe and a large ivory-white claw slides out.

Dr. Hassler puts a stethescope to her ears, and her face brightens with the heavy pounding of the tiger's heart.

ANGLE

Dr. Hassler is adjusting lights and checking the insertion of an I.V..

Dolarhyde's glance goes to a tray of huge dental tools, pelicans, hemeostats, etc. placed in position by a male nurse.

REBA

What's wrong with him?

WARFIELD

Some dimwit poked at him with a gardener's spade. He broke the long fang on the upper side of the root, and it's abcessed.

REBA
You're going to have to pull it?

ANGLE
Mr. Hassler has opened the tiger's mouth and is examining his teeth. X-Rays have been hung on a light-box behind him.

HASSLER
Yeah, we'll have to pull the canine, and the root infection has spread to the neighboring incisor. So, we'll have to get that one too.

ANGLE
Dolarhyde steps back from the table. He is visibly shaken as he watches Hassler lift a probe and move it towards the animal's mouth. Warfield spots his reaction and steps up to him. LF

WARFIELD
This is going to be a little rough. Why dont we go over to night animals and see how the filming is going.

Dolarhyde nods.

As they head for the door. Warfield speaks.

WARFIELD(a near whisper to Dolaarhyde)
Confidentially, I was starting to get a little queasy.

DOLARHYDE SMILES AND NODS

EXT. APPROACH TO DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE- NIGHT

The van turns onto the road through the deserted, overgrown orchard, towards the house.

INT. VAN- NIGHT

The van comes to a stop. Dolarhyde seems nervous, confused.

DOLARHYDE
Wait here a minute.

REBA
Don't tidy up. Take me in and tell me it's neat.

DOLARHYDE
I'll just be a minute.

ANGLE

Dolarhyde turns and sprints from the van up onto the front porch and to the front door.

ANGLE
Reba cocks her head to the setting sun through the van window, and trips on its warmth.

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE- NIGHT

Inside, Dolarhyde moves quickly from room to room. His eyes dart around, making an inspection tour. He pauses in the doorway of the kitchen, then moves out toward the van.

ANGLE
Reba smiles at the sound of his footsteps. He opens the door and she jumps lightly down.

DOLARHYDE
Four steps on the grass, then there's a ramp.

Reba places her arm on his.

REBA
You have a ramp. What for?

DOLARHYDE
Old people were here.

REBA
Not now, though.

DOLARHYDE
No.

INT. ENTRANCE AND PARLOR- DUSK

Reba moves slowly through the entrance area, sensing the house.

REBA
It feels cool and tall. It's a big house isn't it?

DOLARHYDE
Fourteen rooms.

REBA
It's old. The things in here are old.

Her fingers brush the fringe of a lamp as Dolarhyde watches.

REBA
That wonderful tiger....This house, you're just full of surprises. D., I don't think anyone knows you at all.

DOLARHYDE
Did you ask them?

REBA
Who?

DOLARHYDE
Anybody.

REBA
No.

ANGLE
Dolarhyde follows her as she moves slowly, carefully around the room.

DOLARHYDE
Then, how do you know nobody knows me?

REBA
Oh, some women from Gateway saw me getting into your van the other day...All of a sudden I have a lot of company around the coke machine.

DOLARHYDE
What do they want to know?

REBA
Just some juicy gossip.

DOLARHYDE
Like what?

REBA
They wonder about everything. They find you very mysterious...interesting. Come on, it's a compliment.

DOLARHYDE
Did they tell you how I look?

REBA
I didn't ask them. But I'll tell you how I think you look...Want to hear it?

Dolarhyde doesn't reply. Reba smiles nervously.

REBA
Don't ask me if you don't want to know.

Dolarhyde remains silent. She moves forward, suddenly feeling alone, then stops and listens. Dolarhyde is silent.

REBA(her voice small)
They want to know if you're as strong as you look.

DOLARHYDE(after a beat)
And?

REBA
And I said I didn't know. Where the hell are you, anyway?

She moves towards him and he lets her find him.

ANGLE

Upon finding him, Reba leans against him. He is immobile as her hands go up to his face. Stretching up to her tip-toes, she lightly kisses him.

REBA
Now, would you show me where the bathroom is?

Dolarhyde leads her stiffly along the hall to a bathroom door.

REBA
I can find my own way back.

She enters and closes it behind her. As Dolarhyde turns away from the door he catches a glimpse of Frawly, looking bent and very decrepid, in a dirty bathrobe, staring at him from the end of the hallway. The old man leers suggestively at him.

INT. BATHROOM- DUSK

Inside, Reba shakes out her hair. Her fingers touch along the

top of the wash-basin, then up to a medicine chest from which the door has been removed. She finds a bottle of Listerine, verifies it with a sniff, then takes a swig and washes out her mouth.

INT. PARLOR- NIGHT

Dolarhyde looks up from where he has threaded a projector as Reba enters. He takes a drink and hands it to her.

DOLARHYDE
I made you a gin and tonic.

Reba takes it and finds her own way to the couch. She sits down and Dolarhyde turns on the projector.

REBA
That's a familiar sound.

DOLARHYDE
I have to check some film. It won't take long.

He takes a sip of the drink as he settles onto the other side of the couch.

HOME MOVIE
On the screen, "THE NEW HOUSE" is spelled out in pennies on a sheet cardboard, followed by a long shot of Mrs. Sherman and her children. She helps a toddler water the lawn. The child cries when she tries to control the hose.

REBA
Reba moves to get more comfortable. She kicks off her shoes and tucks her feet.

REBA
Mind if I stretch out...
Just wake me if I drop off, Okay?

Reba lies on the couch beside him, her head nearly touching his thigh.

HOME MOVIE
Mrs. Sherman begins a sequence of "fun with old clothes" as they unpack their belongings in the living room. Turning away from the camera, she removes her shirt and puts on a Hawaiian shirt. She ties it at the midriff and strikes a pose for the camera.

REBA

Dolarhyde slowly looks down. Reba has moved her head on his thigh. The nape of her neck is pale and the movie light plays on it. He draws a long, slow breath.

HOME MOVIE
Mrs. Sherman poses in front of a mirror with a hat.

Dolarhyde's fingers punch through the upholstery where he grips the couch. He gasps.

ANGLE
The film winds through, the tail flicks repetitiously in the projector. Dolarhyde's head moves, his neck arches. Reba hums with his building excitment. He comes.

ANGLE
Seconds pass. The white light from the movie screen flickers on Dolarhyde's face as he slowly opens his eyes. He glances down as Reba kisses her way up his chest.

REBA
I hope I didn't shock you.

Dolarhyde nods an effusive denial.

DOLARHYDE
No,...

Dolarhyde's hand moves quickly to her breast, gently feeling her heart. Reba clasps her own hand on his.

DOLARHYDE
You're alive...Oh, thank goodness you're alive.

Reba laughts.

REBA
Of course I'm alive, silly. I'm just fine.

She comes up and finds his mouth. Dolarhyde returns her kiss. He is passionate, gentle. When they finish he stares into her face, his eyes nearly fill with tears. He kisses her again. She holds him close, wanting him.

Her hand searches down to his loins.

REBA
Oh, yes, yes...

INT. GRANNY'S ROOM- MORNING

The camera pans from a window where the light of morning filters in to bathe the room in a warm glow. On the bed, under a sheet, Dolarhyde lies awake beside Reba. Her back is to him and she sleeps the sound sleep of physical satisfaction.

ANGLE
Slowly, carefully, so as not to awaken her, Dolarhyde moves hes ear to her back. He listens to her heartbeat and smiles with a strange relief. Then, he rises from the bed and crosses to a bathroom as she sleeps.

INT. SHOWER- MORNING

Dolarhyde faces the stream of water, letting it pound his face. Lather from a shampoo runs richly down the back of his neck, cleansing him.

INT. GRANNY'S BEDROOM- MORNING

With a towel around his waist, Dolarhyde steps from the bathroom to the bedroom. He reacts, horror-stricken as he sees;

POV
Reba is gone. The bed is empty.

INT. HALLWAY- MORNING
Pulling on his kimona, Dolarhyde pads along an upstairs hallway. He glances in one room, then another.

Suddenly, looking into a room he is ~~horro-stricken~~ STUNNED by what he sees.

(FLASHBACK)

INT. NURSING HOME - DAY

An aged femal pacient sits in the dental chair of the nursing home, a gas cone is held over her nose by Francis Dolarhydes Grandmother.

Dr. Struthers, a seedy , aged , country dentist lifts a pelican from a tray of instruments. he moves it towards a single yellow tooth that hangs in the pacients gum.

ANGLE
Dolarhyde watches the flashback aghast.

(FLASHBACK)

INT NURSING HOME - DAY

The yellow tooth moves easily. With a slight sucking sound, the bloody root is drawn from the socket.

(FLASHBACK)

ANGLE
Francis Dolarhyde, age eleven, stares in wide eyed horror from the doorway.

(FLASHBACK)

ANGLE
Dr. Struthers drops the yellow tooth into a porcelin bowl. He turns and smiles.

STRUTHERS
Allright, let's have a look at the boy.

ANGLE-(HALLWAY)

Dolarhyde watches. A breeze stirs the drapes at the window. Behind him a door slams with a swish like the cutting of a scissors. A loud sound is heard coupled with a terrifying voice. It is the Dragon calling his name.

Dolarhyde's hands go to his ears. Terror-stricken, he races down the stairs.

INT. PARLOR- MORNING

In a desparate hurry, Dolarhyde begins pulling on his clothes of the night before. Another breeze, the door swings and bangs again, and the voice "FRANCIS, COME HERE".

EXT. GARDEN- MORNING

Reba sits on a log in the sun, listening to the growing hum of insects. She turns at the sound of a screen-door slamming.

REBA
Good morning.

Dolarhyde approaches at a quick pace. Reba's hands find him and she leans her head against his chest.

DOLARHYDE
Good morning

REBA
Oh, your heart is pounding.

DOLARHYDE
I have to go the the plant.

REBA
I have to go too...My sister's coming to pick me up for lunch. But I wish you could come, I want you to meet her...

DOLARHYDE
Maybe, some other time.

Dolarhyde leads her towards the Van.

INT. EDITIRIAL OFFICES- NATIONAL TATTLER- DAY

Graham and Crawford stand amidst a group of sullen emloyees listening as the voice of Freddy Lodge comes from a small tape recorder. Lindsay, Freddy's secretary, stifles an occasional sob.

LODGE(V.O.)
I have seen, I have had the great privilege of seeing the strength of the great Red

(FLASHBACK)

INT ZOO HOSPITAL - DAY

Reba's hand rests on the tigers back. She faces Dolarhyde and smiles.

REBA
He doesn't feel a thing.

(FLASHBACK)

INT NURSING HOME - DAY

Eleven year old Francis Dolarhyde screams and writhes, blood trickles from his mouth. His grandmother and two heavily built middle aged nurses hold him in the dental chair. Dr. Struthers drops a bloody tooth from the extractor into the porcelin bowl.

STRUTHER
Allright, now give him just a tad more gas so he wont feel it.

Dolarhydes Grandmother puts the cone back over the strugggling boys nose. He fights to stay concious.

STRUTHER
Might as well get em' all at once.

GRANDMOTHER
His mother had bad teeth...Guess he gets it from my side.

As the boy becomes woozy under the gas, the cone is taken away and the extractor raised to his mouth. There is the sound of bone cracking.

INT GRANDMOTHER'S ROOM - DAY
In a panic, holding his hand over his mouth, Dolarhyde enters the room of his grandmother. He crosses to the bed and removes the filthy dentures from the empty glass. Within seconds he fumbles them into his mouth, then, feeling a sense of power and relief, he takes several heavy breaths.

ANGLE
Wearing the jagged teeth, Dolarhyde moves along the hallway, searching for Reba. As he is about to descend the stairs he pauses at the landing, in reaction to soemthing he sees through the open window.

POV
Through the window Reba can be seen in the garden. She touches an un-pruned fruit tree. Her hand wanders up and her fingers savor the leaves.

Dragon.

The recording is interrupted by clicks of the start and stop key.

LODGE (v.o.)
I lied about him, I wrote lies from Will Graham, he made me write them. I have blasphemed against the Dragon, but the Dragon is merciful. Now I want to serve him...praise him. Newspapers, when you write this always capitalize the H in "Him"...He knows you made me lie. Will Graham, he will be more merciful to me than to you...reach behind you,... feel the small knobs on the top of your pelvis... That is where the Dragon will snap your spine...There is more,...It will be like this only more...

There is a snap, a click, and then hideous screams that continue for several seconds. Then, the tape is blank.

The Editor shuts it off.

GRAHAM(to Crawford)
We better get Bowman to do a voice print.

LINDSAY
A voice print?...You don't believe that's Freddy's voice?...I can tell you that's Freddy's voice. You don't need some fucking voice print.

GRAHAM
We'll need it later at the trial.

LINDSAY
Trial?...Why don't they put you on trial, you son of a bitch...You murdered him.

She lunges for Graham and catches him with a fist in the mouth. Crawford grabs her.

LINDSAY
I hope he gets you. I hope he gets you and kills you...(screams) Cocksucker...

EXT. LAKEFRONT CHICAGO- A SUMMER DUSK

Clouds move quickly past the face of a rising moon.

EXT. LAKEFRONT WALK- DUSK
Graham and Crawford walk amidst the summer crowds along the sea wall.

CRAWFORD
I've arranged for the secret service to lend us one of their Gulfstar jets...When the call comes from where-ever it is, we can be on the scene in less than four hours.

Graham doesn't respond.

GRAHAM
I want to go to Detroit and talk to some people who knew the Jacobi's. Then I need a full day back in Birmingham.

CRAWFORD
I need you here.

GRAHAM
There's nothing here, Jack. We brought him to Lodge...Lodge was an annoyance that we created. The Leads, the Jacobi's are what he needs. We've got to find the connection between them...Between those two women.

As they speak there is an ominous rumble of distant thunder, a flicker of heat lightening.

INT GRAHAM'S HOTEL ROOM- STORMY NIGHT

Graham sits in his underwear at a small table in a Hyatt-type hotel room. Using a cork-board, he has set up a small shrine of photos of both families. He pours himself a stiff belt of Scotch as he studies it.

IN A SERIES OF SHOTS

The many photos of Valerie Leads are compared with the three rather bad shots taken before the tragedy. In a series of quick-cuts a similarity of type and a strange similarity to Reba becomes apparent. Over the last shot the lights flicker with a loud crack of thunder.

INT. DOLARHYDE HOUSE- ATTIC- NIGHT

A loud clang of weights dropping to the floor echoes through the house over a background rumble of the same storm. Dolarhyde, wearing damp sweat-pants, pumps iron. On the wall the sweat-suit top hangs in front of the Great Red Dragon and Woman clothed in the Sun, and his kimona hangs over the only mirror like the shed skin of a snake.

Dolarhyde rises from the bench on which he was doing curls. He positions himself over a bar with two-hundred and seventy pounds on it...After a slight pause, he sets his grip and snatches it from the floor. The crackle of electric energy from the storm builds as he boosts the weight to his chest, then with a final heave, over his head. He breaths several times, letting his tongue rattle over his toothless gums. Suddenly, there is a voice from another part of the room. The Dragon.

DRAGON
Whom are you thinking about?

Dolarhyde emits a cry of pain and the weight crashes to the floor.

He stands panting in the low light. The storm rumbles. Dolarhyde turns and goes to a dark corner. Childlike, he crouches in the darkness on the floor.

DRAGON
Who is acceptable?

ANGLE
Dolarhyde's face cannot be seen as he speaks. Without his teeth his speach is exaggerated, confused.

DRAGON(V.O.)
Speak up. I can't understand you.

DOLARHYDE
Dhu Shermans...Mrs. Sherman all wet in the water.

DRAGON(V.O)
You think about your little buddy, don't you?

DOLARHYDE
I don't have a little buddy.

DRAGON
A stupid lie...I've told you about lying disobeying...

There is a huge crack of thunder and the lights flicker. A

scream is heard. The scream of Dolarhyde as a child.

FLASHBACK
Dolarhyde, a child of perhaps six, bolts from his room in pajamas and runs crying in terror of the storm along an upstairs hallway.

ANGLE
He enters the room of his sleeping grandmother, rushing to her bed as thunder cracks and the room is illuminated by lightening.

She turns, a haggard crone, her face distorted by a lack of teeth.

Francis crawls in under the covers. He huddles next to her, watching as she inserts her dentures.

GRANDMOTHER
What is it child?...

Francis sobs.

GRANDMOTHER
Just a storm...just a storm.

She hugs him, then responds to something she feels.

GRANDMOTHER
You're all wet...Get out of this bed...
I've never seen a child as dirty and disgusting as you...Did you mess in your bed?

DOLARHYDE(child)
NO...no..

ANGLE

She shoves him out of bed and holds his arm as he stands shivering on the carpet.

GRANDMOTHER
You lie...I'll teach you to lie and mess your bed.

ANGLE
His grandmother yanks open the drawer in her bedside table and he screams.

(THE PRESENT)

INT. ATTIC- STORMY NIGHT

Dolarhyde, still huddled on the floor in the dark corner, screams in absolute mortal terror.

FLASHBACK

ANGLE
His grandmother's gnarled hand holds a large pair of scissors. She snips them a few times making the terrible noise, then lowers them to the boy's bare belly and groin.

Grabbing him by the hair she angles his head down.

GRANDMOTHER
Look. Do you want me to cut it off. Snip, snip and it's off.

The child's mouth opens. He is unable to speak.

GRANDMOTHER
Do you?

(THE PRESENT)

INT. ATTIC- STORMY NIGHT

Dolarhyde screams at the top of his lungs.

DOLARHYDE
NO, please no.

The Dragon's voice returns.

DRAGON
You lie...You've always lied.

DRAGON
You want sweet little Reba to be your buddy, don't you?

DOLARHYDE
No...Jus for a liddle while...

DRAGON
I've never seen a child as filthy and disgusting as you. Get over here.

Dolarhyde slowly lifts himself from the floor.

DRAGON
Come to me.

He moves toward the pictures which he has covered with the sweat-shirt.

DRAGON
Look at me...Look...Toothless cunt face. LOOK.

Dolarhyde pulls the sweat-shirt away from the Litho. He stares at it. The Dragon appears to glow from the wall. The room swims.

DRAGON
The mirror...Take the kimona off the mirror.

Dolarhyde removes the kimona from the mirror. He looks at himself, the living tattoo of his body.

DRAGON
I've never seen a child as filthy and disgusting as you. Take off those pants.

Dolarhyde drops his sweat-pants.

DRAGON
Now take them...Put them between your hands and put them down there.

ANGLE
The jagged teeth of his grandmother ared gripped between his hands. He lowers them to his crotch.

DRAGON
Put them on it, grip them, now use force, you weak snivelling offal.....say,"I am offal..."

Dolarhyde grimaces with pain.

DRAGON
You are cunt face...toothless cunt face..
Say it.

DOLARHYDE
I am cunt face.

DRAGON
Who will be next when it is time?

DOLARHYDE
Mrs. Sherman,...

He screams with pain and the Dragon laughs, mocking him..

DRAGON
I'll tear it off, look at it. Watch it rip away...

DOLARHYDE
Reba, Reba, Reba, I'll give you Reba.

DRAGON
You'll give me nothing. She is mine.
They are all mine. First Reba, then the Shermans.
You weak, toothless cunt face, you'd keep her from me.
I'll hang you with her large intestine if you
dare oppose me. Put three hundred pounds on the bar.

Dolarhyde dutifully and quickly adds two large weights.

DRAGON

Lift it.

DOLARHYDE

I can't.

DRAGON

No, you can't , but I can.

Dolarhyde grips the bar. It bends as he raises it to his shoulders, then over his head. He stares at his terrified form in the mirror, bent into an odd posture by the weight. It crashes to the floor. Again the laugh is heard, again the tattoo bubbles like it has come afire, a molten reptile that lives under the surface of his skin. Scaley patches erupt on him and a smoking dragon's claw emerges from his shoulder and slips up over his face, gripping and distorting his features. He tries to scream as it locks onto his lower jaw and nearly pulls it from his skull.

EXT. ST LOUIS - FREEWAY SYSTEM - DAY

Dolarhydes van moves through outbound traffic on a freeway heading towards the Missouri River Bridge.

INT VAN - DAY

Dolarhyde, his eyes hidden behind dark glasses appears to be in a stupor as he drives. He glances out the side window, momentarily tripping on the geometrci pattern of the passing bridge. When he finall looks back to the road he reacts to;

ANGLE

The cars in front of him have stopped. He slams on his brakes and the tires shriek as he stops just short of rear-ending the car ahead.

When the other car pulls away, Dolarhyde remains sitting in the van, immobile. Within seconds the horns of the cars behind him begin honking but he appears not to hear them. Tears stream from beneath his glasses and splash onto his forearm.

Suddenly, the enraged driver of the car behind him appears at his door and beats on the window of the van. Dolarhyde gazes dumbly at the man for several seconds. Then, in resposne to the distant sound of a police siren he puts the van in gear and proceeds over the bridge.

EXT A LARGE MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

Dolarhydes van pulls off the highway and enters the parking lot of a large motel.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - DAY

Dolarhydes hand flicks on the lights in a motel bathroom. He crosses to the shower and without a pause, casually tears away the curtain fromn the overhead bar. Removing his belt he puts it over the top and quickly ties a square knot. The buckle forms a noose at the other end. When he has finished, he tests the noose with his hand. There is a snicker of laughter as though he is being watched. He turns and sees himself in the mirror. The laughter becomes a roar.

ANGLE

From beneath Dolarhydes shirt smoke begins to appear, his skin bubbles as his tattoo begins burning through his clothing and the scaly body of the dragon starts to emerge...clawing its' way out from under his clothes.

EXT MOTEL - DAY

Tearing at his shirt, Dolarhyde runs from the motel room toward his van. Members of a school drill band are boarding a bus and

he plunges through them knocking them aside.

A teacher shouts after him as he scrambles into his van. Pelling rubber he escapes from the parking lot.

HOME MOVIE

A birthday party appears on the screen. The members of the Jacobi family are seated around a dining table singing.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Crawford enters a darkened conference room and gazes at the screen. Graham is watching the home movie.

CRAWFORD(lip reads)
Haaappy birthday to you.

Eleven year old Donald Jacobi faces the camera. The candles are reflected in his glasses.

ANGLE
Graham is intent on watching the screen, as Crawford speaks.

CRAWFORD
The Freddy Lodge cassete yielded nothing...no prints, and the tape is available virtually everywhere and there fore untraceable...And we're being sued, you and I and the bureau, for five hundred million dollars by the Tattler for wrongfull death.

GRAHAM
Jack, I'm trying to concentrate.

CRAWFORD(glacning up)
Hurray, now he blows out the candles. Where did you get this?

GRAHAM
Jacobi's attorney sent it along with thier mail.

HOME MOVIE

The children applaud as the candles smoke. Another cut and a large envelope with a ribbon is handed to Donald. Hand-held, the camera follows him as he follows the ribbon through the kitchen, to a cellar door fastened with a hook, down the steps where the ribbon is tied to the handlebars of a new bicycle.

ANGLE
Graham watches with interest as Crawford unwraps a candy bar.

GRAHAM
Why didn't they give him the bike outside?

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HOME MOVIE

In the shots that follow the children run out of doors, stepping gingerly over puddles formed by the recent rain.

CRAWFORD
That's why. It was raining.

On a cut the outside door the basement opens and Mr. Jacobi emerges with the birthday bicycle. He sets the bicycle down and the film goes to leader during Donalds first ride.

ANGLE
Graham reaches up and switches the projector into reverse. The film begins threading though.

HOME MOVIE (IN REVERSE)

The boy rides the bicycle backwards , then his father takes it from him and walks backward to the basement doors, as they open for him magically, a padlock can be seen dangling from the bolt.

ANGLE

Graham reacts.

GRAHAM
Look...

He reaches for the projector. He runs it forward and freezes on a shot of the basement door.

GRAHAM
A padlock...That's why he brought the bolt cutter Jack... To cut that padlock and go in through the basement.

CRAWFORD
I was there two days after the crime and I dont remember any padlock. Jacobi must have changed it. He was a Detroit guy, he probably had deadbolts put on everything.

GRAHAM
Our guy pried his way in through a slider, but, he brought bolt cutters for that padlock. How the fuck did he know it was there unless he was inside the house?

GRAHAM
Goddammit I can finally feel something...He brought a glass cutter to the Leeds house...You cant see the kitchen door from the outside because there's a lattice. But he knew it had a window.

Graham crosses to thier traveling file. He picks out the Leeds movie, crosses to the projector and begins threading it.

Without sitting he turns on the projector and watches it.

HOME MOVIE

As before the scotty barks, runs to the kitchen, Mrs. Leeds enters.

Graham freezes on her poised in the door, the lattice in the background.

ANGLE

In the flickering light he reaches down and lifts the empty box in which the Leeds film was shipped.

INSERT
The Leeds name and adress is on the box. Gateway Film Laboratory, St Louis, Missouri. In his other hand he lifts the cannister in which the Dolarhyde film was returned. The Gateway Logo is identical.

EXT. REBA'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Reba is helped out of a car parked a short distance from her apartment by a young man. He guides her to the front door steps and they hold hands for several seconds as they speak.

As they talk, Dolarhydes van cruises slowly past.

EXT. REBA'S STREET - NIGET
Dolarhydes van is parked a short distance from Rebas apartment.

ANGLE
Dolarhyde can just barely be seen through the darkened windows of the van.

ANGLE

The front door of Rebas apartment opens and the young man who escorted her home emerges. He walks with a springy gate towards his car. When he is a few feet away and has reachewd into his pocket for his keys he looks up. slightly starteld by what he sees. Three puffs of smoke are fires from Dolarhydes silenced automatic and he crumples to the pavement.

INT REBA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Reba is in the darkness of her bathroom washing her face. She responds to the sound of the doorbell. Stepping out into the hall she moves close to the door and speaks.

REBA
Who is it?

DOLARHYDE
Francis Dolarhyde.(o.s.)

Reba steps to the door and begins removing the chain. She opens it.

REBA
I thought you'd call me.

As she opens the door, her nose reacts to the smell fo chloroform. She is grabbed and a rag is shoved under her nose.

EXT. GATEWAY FILM LAB - NIGHT

A pair of unmarked police cars carrying Graham, Crawford and members of the St. Louis Police turnin into the nearly deserte parking lot of Gateway Film Lab. They proceed directly to an employees entrance.

ANGLE

The men get out and are met by Dandridge who shakes thier hands and leads them inside.

INT. DANDRIDGE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Graham, Crawford, and Leiutenant Vogel of the St Louis Police ther the office where Bob Fisk, the personel manager and his secretary are waiting.

DANDRIDGE
Mr. Crawford,...Mr. Graham, this is Bob Fisk, our Maggie Stacy.

FISK
We've brought all the personel records...I'm afraid there's aquite a few employees here.

GRAHAM
We have reason to believe that our suspect has access to the home movie film that's processed... is there any way to go through the employees in that department first.

DANDRIDGE
Kind of rough. Most of our processing overlaps diferent areas...Actually Mr. D. might be able to give us some help...

Dandridge steps to the window ang glances out. He shakes his head a negative.

DANDRIGE
Damn sometimes he works late. I was hoping his van would still be there.

GRAHAM
Van?...What color?

EXT. DOLARHYDES DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The van enters the driveway and comes to a slow stop on the gravel. Dolarhyde gets out and goes around to the back. He lifts the bound and gagged body of Reba and carries her easily towards the front door.

There is a moment when she squirms and struggles with all her might , Dolarhyde slows his pace, then, walks up the wheelchair ramp to the front porch.

Inside a light is turned on. The house is silent except for crickets.

INT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Graham and Crawford and Vogel, follow Dandridge to Dolarhydes room. They try the door and it is locked. After a few tries with a pass key Dandridge opens it.

INT> DOLARHYDES ROOM - NIGHT

Graham enters ahead of the others anbd flicks on a light. His eyes gaze around the room coming to the neat cubical in Dolarhyde has his desk. No personal items are visible.

GRAHAM(to Vogel)
Let's get a print guy in here.

As Vogel leaves , Graham's look catches a desk calendar. He leans over and thumbs through it, flipping back to the pages that cover Saturday, June twenty eight and the three days previous. A small full moon is shown on the top fo the page and on the Friday, there is a notation. "AM 552 3:45 - 6:15".

GRAHAM
Jack, check this flight...American, five five two, leaves at three forty arrives six fifteen.

While Crawfor makes a call Graham begins opening the drawers of the desk and examining the contents. From a bottom drawer he removes a tube of dental adhesive. Crawford speaks to him from the phone as he lifts a can containing film of the Sherman family.

CRAWFORD
Atlanta.

INT DOLARHYDE HOUSE - NIGHT

Reba lies tied on the bed of the grandmothers room. Dolarhyde has settled next to her. He strokes her hair then gently pats her shoulder. Rebas breathing seems deliberately controled.

DOLARHYDE
If I untie you you must be good. Dont try to run.

Reba twists her head towardsd his voice to nod. Dolarhyde swiftly cuts through her bonds with a fileting knife. Reba faces him, slowly collecting herself.

REBA
D. I didn't know you cared this much about

me. I glad you feel this way, but you scared me.

Dolarhyde watches her in silence.

REBA
Were you mad because Ralph Mandy came over to visit me?...I'm really sorry D....Why cant we just be friends and fuck and have a good time and forget all this?

DOLARHYDE
Shut up. Reba, remarkable events have happened in Birmingham and Atlanta. Do you know what I'm talking about?

Reba shakes her head.

DOLARHYDE
Two groups of people were changed. They were visited by a presence that lives in me.

Reba nods. Her eyelids flutter with the beginnings of inner tears.

DOLARHYDE
What do they call that being who visited those people?

REBA
The tooth fff....

He grabs her face shutting off the sound.

Doalrhyde answers in the Dragons voice.

DOLARHYDE
I am the Dragon.

Reba's head snaps back and slams the headboard. She whympers.

DOLARHYDE
The dragon wants you Reba. He always has. I didn't want to give you to him, but I was wrong.

REBA
No please,...I'm not for him, I'm for you. keep me with you. You like me. I know you do.

Dolarhyde is shaken by her plea.

DOLARHYDE
But, I dont know if I can trust you.

REBA
You can...I promise you can.

DOLARHYDE
Do you know where the front door is?

REBA
I think so. I found it on my own the morning I was here.

Dolarhyde pulls her close to him.

DOLARHYDE
Touch my chest...Bring your hands up slowly. feel that key?

Reba lifts the key from his neck.

DOLARHYDE
I'm going to see if I can trust you. Now, go and lock the front door. Then bring me the key. Go ahead. I'll wait right here.

Reba takes the key, feeling the floor with her feet, her hands searching in front of her, she moves toward the bedroom door.

INT HALLWAY - NIGHT
It is dark in the hallway as she moves along. Terror begins to build inside
her.
ANGLE
Rebas foot finds a stesp. Slwoly she descends the stairs to the entrance hall. Dolarhyde is not visible bewhind her.

At the bottom she steps away from the staircase. Her hand grips a hatrack which sways and nearly falls. Wtih a gasp she sets it right. Then she continues a few steps ans waits.

ANGLE
A breeze blows the screen on the open front door. It moves slightly.

ANGLE
Reba feels it and homes in on the source. Grasping the door, she listens for a beat to the silence of the house. Trusting that she has not been followed she slips out the door closing it behind her.

INT GRANDMOTHERS ROOM - NIGHT

Dolarhyde sits with his head in his hands and tears streaming down his cheeks, at the sound of the door slamming, the laughter of the dragon can be heard.

EXT FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Reba twist the key in the lock on the outside of the door then wanders cautiously across the porch. She misses the steps and takes a heavy fall to the pea gravel below.

In the distance the horn of a truck can be heard from the highway. Reba staggers to her feet and hands outstretched stagger though the dark towards it. Her composure goes and she begins to sob hysterically. A dark form suddenly catches her face and she tries to twist away from it. It is the branch of a tree. She screams and lunges forward into a bush. Suddenly, she is flooded in light.

ANGLE
Grahams car enters the long driveway at speed with a squad car following.
They screech to a stop just in front of Reba. Graham jumps out.

With Crawford and the others behind him he rushes forward to her.

GRAHAM
I t's allright,...you're safe...you're safe.

Reba finally allows herself the hysteria that has built inside .

Crawford reacts to soemthing behind them.

CRAWFORD
Christ.

ANGLE
Flames can be seen from inside Dolarhydes house. Crawford and Graham rush forward with members of the St Louis Police. They shout orders and men rush in different directions.

ANGLE
Grasham rushes along the outside perimeter, looking for Dolarhyde and at the same time wincing from the growing heat of the blazing house.
EXT. LAKE HAMILTON - DAY

Behind thier homeon the large expanse of lawn that leads down to the lake, Mr, Sherman, films his wife and thier children as they run towards the water.
He pans back to get a shot of his youngest who trails behind.

At the water the family is filmed going through a ritual of putting on water safety equipment. In the background, a rowboat can be seen with a single figure in it. The man wears a large hat low over his eyes.

ANGLE THE ROW BOAT -
The man in the boat watches the Sherman's. He turns and we see that it is Graham as he responds to a radio call on a two way reciever.

GRAHAM

Unit one to unit five all clear.

ANGLE WOODS NEAR HOUSE
A pick up truck is parked in the woods near the Sherman house. Crawford speaks into a VHF. An armed police sniper sits beside him.

CRAWFORD
Unit five is clear.

He settles back into the boredom of a stake-out.

EXT. RUINS OF DOLARHYDE HOME - DAY

Several reporters and a TV news unit are parked in front of the smoldering ruins of the house.

ANGLE
An investigator picks through the wreckage. Suddenly, he reacts to the sight of something in the charred timbers.

INVESTIGATOR
No shit...

ANGLE
His probe moves a layer of charcoal off what is obviously a human rib cage.
As reporters gather around he digs a bit more and removes the peg toothed upper plate.

EXT. LAKE HAMILTON - NIGHT

A large full moon hangs over the lake. The stillness of the water is broken by the wake of a single outboard. It turns into a wooded area where it can touch the bank. In the background the Sherman house can be seen.

A local sherrifs deputy in fisherman's clothes gets out onto the bank where Graham is crouched in the brush watching the house. He holds a bag of food.

DEPUTY
Well, inspector looks like its' all over.They found a body in that house...and it looks like it's Dolarhyde.

Graham smiles. Then a dark though crosses his mind.

EXT. THE BEACH AT MARATHON FLORIDA - PRE-DAWN

Graham and Jimmy stand in front of a dark sea, rigging thier rods for surf casting. The moon still hangs just off full in the sky.

Graham watches as the boy swings back and sends a lure out over the breakers into the water beyond. They exchange a smile, then,

Graham casts.

When both lines are in the water, the place thier rods in holders and step back from the surf.

GRAHAM
Well, I promised Molly a striper for breakfast.

JIMMY
Not a chance Graham. Maybe, just maybe a snapper.

Graham lifts a thermos and pours cup of coffee. As he sips it his gaze is drawn to something down the beach.

GRAHAM
Hey, look.

POV THE TURTLES NEST - DAWN
Within the jury rigged barrier of wire the turtles have hatched. They're trying to get out to the sea. Graham and Jimmy run towards them.

ANGLE
In peak excitement they arrive at the turtles.

JIMMY
No shit Graham, they made it.

Two baby turtles appear magically from the sand.

GRAHAM
I'll get Molly.

Graham starts back towards the house. Jimmy shouts after him.

JIMMY
Bring a camera.

ANGLE
Graham runs through the deep sand of the dunes to the back door of the house, shouting as he approaches.

GRAHAM
Molly, come on the turltes are hatching...

ANGLE
At the wire, Jimmy moves the enclosure allowing the baby turtles to escape to the sea.

ANGLE
Molly comes out the back door with a camera. She takes Grahams hand and runs laughing nearly stumbling along with him.

ANGLE
Suddenly, as they reach the top of a dune, Dolarhyde steps in front of them. He holds an automatic pistol and As Graham with

no hesitation dives for him he fires.

Graham hits him hard, he grabs the pistol and Dolarhyde whirls him around. But the pistol is wrenched out of his hand and thrown [illegible] Graham first.

GRAHAM
Run Molly,...run for Christ sakes....run.

Molly is momentarily frozen as Dolarhyde kicks Graham in the face and stomps on him. He takes out a knife and lunges at him. Suddenly a thin whirring sound is heard. Three large hooks from Jimmy's lure catch Dolarhyde in the cheek just below his eye. Jimmy sets them with a yank on his rod.

As Dolarhyde grabs at his face another jerk of the rod snags his hand, fixing it to his cheek.

Dolarhyde turns and seeing him grabs the line and starts for the boy. Jimmy drops the pole and runs down the beach. As Dolarhyde goes to chase him the pole snags on a bush jerking him to a painfull stop. He slashes at the line then pursues the boy who has run out into the surf.

In confusion, Jimmy turns and faces Dolarhyde

Graham suddenly tackles Dolarhyde from behind pitching him down into the water. With insane rage he drives Dolarhydes face into the sand. But with wild effort dolarhyde throws him off. He grabs Graham and pulls him up to his face locking his teeth in Graham throat and shaking him like a dog shakes a rat.

Suddenly he is struck hard from behind. His hand goes to his head but he hangs on as another blow knocks him to the side then another.

Molly strike him repeatedly with a fish billy until he looses his jaws from Graham's throat. A final blow and he fall heavily into the water

Molly then grabs Graham and with Jimmy's help drags him back. His breaths come in a series of painfull squeaks. Holding his throat he rises.

ANGLE
In silence the trio stands looking down at the floating remains of Dolarhyde. His shirt has been torn away and the scales of his tatoo can be seen through the foam. He appears a dead reptile, a monster, washed to this shore from some distant lost world.